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MRS. BARBAULD.

In the whole range of literature, with its long list of brilliant female names, we should seek in vain for a more honoured memory than that of the high-minded Christian lady whose portrait we engrave this week. A quiet and unostentatious worker, she yet left the impress of her true nobility of character alike within the charmed home-circle and on the literature of the age. It is to her that the cause of National Education is so largely indebted, and the children of the present day owe so much. Although acquainted with, and esteemed by, all the principal female writers of her time, her humility caused her to form the most modest estimate of her rare powers, and she seemed almost surprised to find herself popular, though with a genuine popularity that causes her works to be re-published even in this age of new books.

Though her life was not entirely devoid of incidents upon which the biographer might dwell,—and what good and useful life ever is?—it is altogether wanting in those salient points and strong positions upon which the novelist delights to build. A star amongst noble women, she exerted her power rather by the influence of an untiring benevolence, and honest, steady working, than by any self assertion, and when she passed away, she left a flood of light around her name that seems rather to increase than diminish as the years roll on.

Anna Letitia Barbauld was the eldest child and only daughter of worthy parents—Dr. Aikin, and the clever daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, of Kibworth—the lady who, in her girlhood, had refused the hand of the celebrated and revered Dr. Doddridge. Dr. Aikin, who had been educated for the ministry, but whose voice unfitted him for it, resided at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, and here his daughter was born, on the 20th of June, 1743. Her early education was entirely domestic, being conducted principally by her mother; yet the little Anna was a most precocious child, being able at two years of age to read sentences "roundly," without spelling, from her primer, and six months later, she "could read as well as most women." As Dr. Aikin conducted a boys' school, it was feared that the manners of his daughter might insensibly partake of the roughness of the ruder sex, and thus her mother guarded her with a solicitude so extreme that her pupil grew up bashful to a painful degree; and it is said that she was accustomed to ascribe an uneasy sense of constraint in mixed society in after life, to the strictness and seclusion in which she was educated. After considerable hesitation, her father, induced by her talents, introduced her to the classics, and on his removal, in her fifteenth year, to Warrington, in Lancashire, to become classical tutor to a Dissenting academy, she made rapid progress. She resided fifteen years at Warrington, and became celebrated, under her maiden name, for many interesting writings. Her reserve and timidity, however, still remained so great, that had it not been for the interposition of her brother, she would, perhaps, not have published at all. By his persuasion, she gave to the world, in 1773, a volume of poems, which proved so successful that four editions were called for within the year of issue; this was followed very soon by "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose," the joint production of her brother and herself.



MRS. BARBAULD.

In 1774, she married the Rev. Rochmont Barbauld, a Dissenting minister, descended from a family of French Protestants, and Pastor of a congregation at Palgrove, in Suffolk. Her husband subsequently opened a boarding school in the village, in which she shared with him the task of instruction, and by her literary fame secured for the institution great success. Many of her pupils rose to distinction, amongst whom we might instance Taylor of Norwich, Dr. Sayers, Sir William Gall, and Lord Denman.

In 1775, her "Devotional Pieces, Compiled from the Psalms of David," appeared; quickly followed by "Hymns in Prose for Children," a work that met with large success at the time, and still holds a high place as an educational work for children. As a proof of this, we may mention that these "Hymns" were issued as an illustrated volume so recently as 1863, and again, in a still more handsome form in 1864; while in 1865 they were published freely versified.

In 1785, Mrs. Barbauld, for the sake of her health, which had been impaired by eleven years' tuition, accompanied her husband to the Continent, and on their return to England they settled at Hampstead, and subsequently at Stoke Newington, during which period, though she continued her successful educational labours, her pen was not idle. She produced several pamphlets on the political topics of the day, contributed valuable papers to Dr. Aikin's "Evenings at Home for Children," wrote two critical essays for ornamented editions of Akonside's and Collins' Poems; made a useful selection from the *Tatler*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, and published a selection from the letters of Richardson, the novelist.

In 1808, Mrs. Barbauld became a widow, and to relieve her dejection, consented to edit a collection of the British Novelists, which was published in 1810. These labours were succeeded by the publication of "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," the longest and most highly-finished of all her poems. This was the climax of her literary labours, and after spending the evening of life amongst devoted friends, she passed away without a struggle on March 9th, 1824, in the 82nd year of her age.

The Ladies' Parliament.

Tempus—1880.

THE LADY SPEAKER took the chair at three o'clock.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The MINISTRESS OF EDUCATION: I rise for the purpose of asking the House to take into consideration the passage in the Royal Speech pointing to the advisability of improving the education of the female classes of this country. It is impossible to dissociate this question from that of female crime, although I should have preferred to have considered it with reference more particularly to the general state of female society. Women have been described as "the pillars of morals," and I am not disposed to gainsay this truism. When we find that for every hundred men convicted of crime in the last year, there were only twenty-six females, we ought to feel proud of the comparison. (Applause.) Women are thus shown to be the most obedient to the laws, which, until now, they had no voice in making. But even this small proportion of crime is a national disgrace, and we must not cease our labours until offences against the law of the land are unknown to us. (Hear, hear.) Other conditions besides education doubtless influence the amount of crime, but the fact that a low state of instruction is always accompanied with an increased criminal tendency, while a higher degree of instruction is coincident with the opposite result, shows that if ignorance is not the parent of crime, it may at least be said to be its constant companion. We come, then, to this fact, that it is indispensable to educate the female population. And the first and most important step is to impart knowledge to youth:—

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Ministers, therefore, propose to provide public schools for female children in all the great centres and districts of the kingdom, and to assist those already in operation. (Applause.) These are to be supplemented by educational classes for adult females; and the Government venture to hope that, with these facilities, there will be no necessity to resort to the compulsory system for removing that ignorance which is the bane of female society. (Applause.)

The Representative of CALNE: However much I may admire the scholarship and learning acquired by men at our universities, and deplore the ignorance and venality of the poorer classes, I do not think that the education of woman is so imperatively called for as that of men. (Hear, hear.) Educate her by all means; but let that education be a process of training for the great duties of her life. Let us fit women to be dutiful wives, loving mothers, and frugal housekeepers. Upon them depend the comfort and happiness of home; a good wife is "a crown unto her husband"; her antitype a curse. One writer wishes to see "All women taught how to manage infants, how to keep a house in proper order, how to make and mend their own and their children's clothes, and how wisely and economically to lay out their husband's earnings. Provision might be made in the national schools for teaching girls household duties; generation after generation would grow up better instructed than its predecessors; mothers would become competent to aid the work at home; and so society might ultimately, if by slow degrees, be purged of the prevailing mischiefs arising from the domestic incapacity of women." I quite agree that the want of such a training among the middle and lower classes is one of the evils that afflict society, and I trust that proper training will progress simultaneously with the education of the female mind.

The LADY WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS: I dissent altogether from the views of my Right Hon. Friend. The training of female youth is essentially a domestic question of individual concern; but the mental education of the feminine community is a national question. (Hear, hear.) That women, who are presumed to enjoy a keener perception of the beautiful than men, should be excluded, through want of intellectual cultivation, from a full appreciation of the wonders of Nature, the marvels of Science, and the beauties of Art, seems to me a blot in our civilisation. (Applause.) Educate, educate, educate! must be our watchword. But I think the Ministerial measure falls very short of the end we desire to attain. We have not only to rescue from ignorance the poorer classes, but to improve the mental faculties of those who have passed the rudimentary stage of education, to cultivate the tastes of the upper classes, and to impart a higher tone to female society. (Applause.)

The Representative of CANTERBURY: I think the Educational question has been already worn out in another place, and I submit that we should better consult the wishes of those whom we represent by passing to other and more interesting topics. The laws of mistress and servant, the unnatural prohibition to marry a deceased sister's husband, the laws affecting judicial separation, call loudly for legislative action. (Hear, hear.)

The LADY HOME SECRETARY: I trust the House will not be diverted from its purpose by the importation of irrelevant subjects into this debate. The rarity of the circumstance of a woman of education falling under a criminal accusation ought to stimulate us to educate the masses. Let us inquire as to what extent ignorance prevails as compared with the case of men. In this country the comparison is fourfold against men; France shews 17 per cent. female against 18 per cent. male criminals; America exhibits a large preponderance in favour of women; in Prussia there are 275 women and 176 men in every thousand uneducated. In every direction the statistics of crime are greatly in favour of women, compared with men, while the comparative education is immeasurably against her. This demonstrates the moral tendency of woman, and we have only to instil into female youth a proper sense of her position to remove her altogether from the category of crime. (Hear and applause.)

The Lady KAVANAGH: Will the Right Hon. Lady inform the House upon what the calculations as to education are based?

The LADY SPEAKER: The Hon Representative must give notice of the question.

The VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: I have no difficulty in at once answering the inquiry. A person able to sign the marriage register is elevated out of the class of uneducated; but it is found that a vast many—some 25 per cent. in England and 40 per cent. in Ireland—from their inability to write, sign the marriage register with simple marks.

The NOTTINGHAM LAMB: There is one class to whom special attention should be given. Woman is more addicted to offences during her widowhood than at any other period of her life. (Laughter.) I learn from official statistics that during that unfortunate period of life she has shewn more turpitude than man; for while there are only 34 widowers in every 1,000 of male committals, there are no less than 100 widows. Unless we do something to prevent this conduct on the part of widows we may have thrown back into our teeth the soubriquet enjoyed by others of the "wicked sex." (Laughter.)

The Lady M. STUART: I think we should consider this question in a more philosophic point of view—not from any simple practical advantages which are likely to accrue. Woman has a natural right to be educated: it is a moral duty of the Legislature to educate her. (Hear, hear.) She was born for a superior purpose to that position of semi-slavery to which some men would relegate her. I hold to the doctrine of the equality of woman with man. Possessing the same rights she must also enjoy like privileges. The other branches of the Legislature have undertaken the education of men: we must see that the female classes whom we represent are also educated; our conjoint efforts may thus obtain the desideratum of an educated nation. (Applause.)

The Representative of SHEFFIELD: I think there is much force in the observations of my Right Hon. Friend of Calne, that the real and much-needed female education is proper training, and I shall therefore on an early day draw attention to the subject.

The question having been put was agreed to.

NOTICES.

The Representative of TOWER HAMLETS: I purpose at a future sitting to move an address for a Committee to inquire into the origination and propagation of scandal; also to ask for a return of the number of cases of breach of promise of marriage that has been adjudicated upon during the last ten years, with an analysis of the decisions thereon.

The House then adjourned.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.—An Association has been established in Edinburgh for the purpose of affording young ladies, who have completed the usual curriculum of private schools, the opportunity of acquiring the higher education in science, philosophy, and literature, which our universities offer to young men. It is not the aim of the Association to train for professions; but its promoters desire, in the education of women, to give them the advantages of a system acknowledged to be well suited for the mental training of the other sex. This they have endeavoured to accomplish by securing the goodwill and co-operation of the professors and examiners of the University, and of others interested in the higher education of women.

SCHOOLBOYS.—I hereby indignantly declare, says a recent writer, that I believe boys to be a much maligned and much misunderstood class of the community. They are the Ishmaelites of polite society; every one's hand and voice being against them. "Expensive," complains paterfamilias, spectacles on nose, mournfully turning over the leaves of his ledger; "noisy, careless," moans mamma, gazing in despair upon a pile of torn trousers and worn socks; "idle, disgracefully idle," declares Dr. Birch, from the depths of his experience; "vulgar," pronounces Lady Clara Vere de Vere, with the languid contempt so becoming to that sweet female; "irreverent," squeaks the old dotard Mrs. Grundy, looking down ruefully at her despised apron-strings; "troublesome, meddlesome, mischievous, restless," responds a chorus of tutors, governesses, nurserymaids, old bachelors, dandies, dunkeys, and such like. To which, add the wise judgment of a certain ancient lady, much approved of by other old women of both sexes, viz.:—that all male animals between the ages of ten and twenty-one should be shut up and carefully preserved in glass cases, where they might only be seen and not heard, and not require to be whipped nor scolded, nor give any other trouble to their elders. What a world this would be then, with so much of its small share of innocence and happiness and health taken away! Perhaps it would be as calamitous to shut up all the girls, though some sages have thought otherwise; but for the present I have nothing to do with them.

The Chaunceys of Chauncy Hall.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Author of "Arthur Wylmington's Love," &c.

CHAPTER III.—THE LOVERS.

ONE day there came to reside in Benham a remarkably fine, tall, and handsome young gentleman of some two-and-twenty years. The whole village was struck with admiration; and though no one knew anything of his antecedents, his personal history, he came to be a general favourite, owing to his winning manners and kindliness of heart. Not a case of destitution presented itself to him but he relieved; not a tale of trouble but he heard through patiently, and extended his sympathy to the sufferer. In every good deed and word Walter Marsden seemed foremost, and many were the blessings called down upon his head by the aged and the infirm. He appeared to be wealthy, for though the house he occupied was by no means large or commodious, it was endowed with every comfort and convenience.

On a delightful summer eve, not very long after his settlement in his new abode, he was returning home on foot at a leisurely pace from the market town nearest to Benham, but distant about five miles; he had accomplished but half the distance when he heard the sound of carriage wheels behind him, rushing along at fearful speed. He had barely time to collect himself when the conveyance came up with him; but with admirable coolness he dashed forward, seized the struggling horses, and, at eminent peril of his own life, stopped their mad career.

The occupants were an elderly gentleman and a young lady—Sir Marmaduke and Miss Chauncy. Before the Baronet could stammer out a word of thanks, the eyes of the preserver and those of the maiden had met; and by that one look the former was thanked to the full—he gained his reward. More; from that very moment Walter Marsden felt that he had no longer the bestowal of his own heart at command. It had given itself away, beyond his power now to recall it; and those feelings of love which have animated the bosoms of all from the days of the first *affaire du cœur* until now, filled his soul. And the lady—what of her? Simply this—which happens in all such cases—she blushed, looked down, looked up, looked down again, and appeared, and no doubt felt, extremely foolish, which was proved by her dropping her parasol half-a-dozen times in as many minutes. The result of this strange meeting between the three parties was, however, the consenting of Mr. Marsden, after extreme pressure had been put upon him by both parent and daughter—but especially by the beauty of those soft blue eyes, with their half-imploring glance—to go up to the Hall on the morrow, to enable them to form a better acquaintance.

After parting, the young and handsome stranger returned home—but not to rest. The passingly sweet expression of the maiden as she gazed her thanks into his eyes, for she could not speak, sank down into his soul beyond all power of uprooting. Nor did he wish such a thing: and when he did at length retire to rest, that expression was present in his dreams; and when he arose on the morrow the whole earth had become a heaven, the glorious sun seemed more glorious still, and the song of the birds was now understandable. They sang, he thought, "of love!"

Therefore, although the gustative reader might suppose that at breakfast Mr. Marsden would naturally have confined his attention to the eggs and bacon which stood so temptingly on the table, upon a snowy white cloth, I am able to dispel the supposition, and to assure him credibly that such was not the case; in fact, that the same image which had troubled, or rather overjoyed, his soul since the previous afternoon, still stood before him in as glowing colours as ever. He was totally unfitted to cope with the practical.

And so he went on, cherishing his love deep down in his heart, almost afraid of its presence, while he, and his ideal of female beauty, frequently met; for he was now a constant visitor at the Hall, and became the Baronet's favourite—if such an exclusive being could be said to have had a favourite.

Many were the delightful and protracted walks the two young and joyous beings had together, through dale and over hill, whilst Cupid was showering his darts deeper and still deeper into the young man's heart, until he was full to overflowing with the passion that kills or joys. And then came the happiest day of all. When Mr. Marsden so far forgot his nervousness, and gained so great an accession of courage, as to whisper the sweet tale of his affection into the maiden's ear; and she fell upon his bosom, weeping, and breathing out faintly, "I have long loved thee!" But here shall the curtain be drawn over the scene, for if you have once been in that stage of happiness yourself, you cannot but admit it to be indescribable, and such experience, moreover, having been yours, you can fully live it over again *sans* description by such incompetent things as pen and ink—and as to you who have been denied the bliss, why we cannot think it incumbent upon us to make your mouth water, that's all.

The weeks merrily sped on with the lovers; each finding the other more necessary to his and her existence every day. The magnanimity of love so took possession of Marsden's soul that every earthly thing assumed a dearness it had never known before. The soul was chastened and subdued, and seemed to enter into sweet communion with all animate and inanimate things. The sky seemed more bright and blue, the grass more freshly green, and the fruits, flowers, and trees more beautiful. In everything he found something to fan the flame of affection, till it rose up and enveloped his entire being. One still, calm evening, at the close of autumn, the maiden was pacing near the wonted trysting-place, anxiously awaiting the coming of her lover. It was a shaded, secluded spot, embowered by trees and bushes, where no sound except that from a solitary bird penetrated. Here the twain had often met, exchanged their vows, and, with all the passionateness of youthful hearts, embraced and parted. As she walked to

and fro, with clasped hands, the tears started to her eyes, and she seemed in great grief. Yet she would not have allowed her lover to perceive this; for the tears were shed on account of a sorrow peculiarly her own—the strange condition of her beloved father, and which we have before described.

Had not Walter sprang in upon her sorrow through the bushes half unexpectedly, he might have been kept in ignorance for months and perhaps years, of the trouble which lay at the heart of his beloved. But finding her in such a state, it was only natural that he should be dissatisfied with her faltering assurance that nothing was really the matter, and accordingly press her, until he wearied her into full confession of her griefs. And this he did with that powerful tongue of his, made still more eloquent by the sad expression of that face in which he continually gazed, and not in vain, for happiness and love.

"It cuts me to the heart, Minnie, that you should thus be troubled and made miserable. What is it that so preys upon Sir Marmaduke's mind?"

"Alas! I know not. Could I but solve that, I think I should, nay must, feel happy. But I see him before me daily wasting away, and cherishing all alone his strange thoughts, whilst I have not the power to step in and ease him of the least part of his burden. It is the fact of being his child, and so helpless to comfort him, that saddens my heart. Yet what can I do when he resolutely shuts his heart against me?"

"Dearest! weep no more," said Walter, as he pushed back the golden curls from her face, and kissed the brimming eyes. "Thou art mine now, mine in the face of Him before whom we plighted our troth. Remember that in the future, and for whom thou hast to live."

"I know it, I know it," said the maiden, "and yet a nervous dread of I know not what presses upon my soul, and darkens everything around me. It is as though something dreadful were about to transpire."

"Mere fancy, nothing more; and such thoughts ought not to be cherished," rejoined Mr. Marsden; then, tenderly bending over her, he whispered, "I have a question to ask thee, my own Minnie, which I beg thou will answer now, here, as thou canst so easily."

Miss Chauncy must have had some idea of the nature of the proposed question, as upon the first whisper she turned scarlet from brow to neck, and looked interestingly arch and lovely.

"What is it?" she faltered out, not daring to look at her lover, but apparently studying the forms of the ferns at her feet with great intensity.

"When wilt thou redeem thy promise, and let me claim thee mine?"

I should imagine most young ladies, and match-making mammas who have successfully brought the young Lotharios to their knees, and to the propounding of this question, would not consider it one to evoke tears, and yet, strange to say, on the present occasion, the young lady addressed burst into a violent fit of weeping, and threw herself with deep sobbing into Mr. Marsden's arms. The latter, however, did not regret the strange *denouement*; for if there is one bliss more blissful than another pertaining to a lover, it is that of supporting the fair one, pushing back her overhanging locks, kissing away the tears from her eyes (those eyes worshipping him the while: aye, there's the sweetness of the position to him), and feeling her heart beat against his. It is under those circumstances that the weakest of us becomes a hero, and ready to "do and die," and beat the chivalry of the mediæval ages into everlasting contempt, by the immense superiority of our courage and devotion. Softly, then, and not unacceptably the while, did our hero soothe the deep, heart-sorrow-stricken one, who now of right belonged to him.

"Walter, I am all yours. But I cannot entirely give myself away yet."

"Why not? Are we both to waste the most precious years of our lives thus, in solitude, or, if not in solitude, at least in broken joys and pleasures?"

"No, no; but it would seem cruel now to press for my poor father's parting blessing, when he is so weak and undone."

"Nay, dearest, for it could not make him any the more miserable, and would only render us a very great deal happier," rejoined Walter, an argument which the maiden suffered to pass by unencountered, as she could not successfully combat it.

Having once subdued her to silence, Mr. Marsden followed up his advantage, and made the most of it. The result was that a marriage was arranged between himself and Miss Chauncy, at no very distant date, provided the former could gain the Baronet's consent. And in order to do this, he resolutely made up his mind to beard the lion in his den, determined that though inaccessible to all, as Sir Marmaduke had caused it to be given forth, he should at least cope with one human being, and, even if through importunity alone, yield to his prayer.

CHAPTER IV.—Squaring Off.

Again Sir Marmaduke Chauncy sat in his library; yet with no abatement of the strange fears that held possession of him, as we have seen in a previous chapter. It was evident the old man was fast sinking. Although his daughter, ever on the watch for his health, peace, and safety, had called in a physician, he could not prescribe for her parent, nor yet diagnose satisfactorily the symptoms he exhibited. Many were the seasons, therefore, of silent weeping, in which she indulged unobserved by all, in her own private room; and on this very evening she had fled thither to give vent to her own grief, upon finding her dear father so inconsolable in his. The Baronet was sitting at a table with writing materials before him, and as he wrote his hand shook so violently as almost to endanger the legibility of his effusion. Time after time he rose from his seat, exclaiming as he threw down the pen—

"No! I will not do it. The secret is mine, and it must die with me. A Chauncy should never reveal himself."

And then he would sit down again and commence writing; but ere he had accomplished a fragment of a sentence, his brain would reel, and striking his forehead, he would again relapse into a fearfully nervous, and altogether pitiable, condition.

At last, making one vigorous effort, he wrote on fast and free for a length of time, when suddenly the pen dropped from his hand, and he fell back in his chair—dead!

Yes, in that moment, Sir Marmaduke Chauncy, Baronet, ceased to breathe, and his spirit went to meet that of his brother, whom he had long ago willed—yea, sent—into the eternal state, determinately and knowingly. The sense of his guilt had preyed so heavily upon his soul that he could find no rest, and since the moment he entered upon the sinfully-acquired estates, he had experienced naught but the bitter reproaches of an unappeasable conscience. These he had never been able to repel, and by their gaining a sure and relentless hold upon him, his life became intolerable and not worth the possession. And if this life was so fearful, what could the next afford? But concerning that he invariably remained stolid—rigidly incommunicable.

In another room, Miss Chauncy was ill at ease. Something told her that a terrible night was closing in upon Chauncy Hall—that a shadow was gathering round it which seemed to wax blacker and deeper every moment. What could she do? Alas! the impotence of ignorance in such a case! And yet to remain there with those dark forebodings was impossible. She resolved to seek her father then—that moment!—cling to his neck, and never, never leave him more, and if he did repulse her, it should be with such cruelty as father never yet exhibited to child. And so she went to his room.

I cannot describe the scene when she found, upon stepping from one room to another in that ill-fated house, that she was fatherless! Suffice it to say that her wild cry alarmed the servants, who, finding their mistress had fallen down in a swoon, quickly applied restoratives, whilst some wept to find their master already cold and dead.

It was a strange death. Providence had stepped in and snapped the silver cord of life ere the Baronet had added another crime to that which had weighed like an incubus upon him. This was amply proved by the paper which he had written, secured by Miss Chauncy, and which was expressed in the following words, scarcely traceable from their blotted and blurred appearance:—

"My Darling Child,—Life is a burden to me; therefore, why should I live? I tell thee before I die my heart-secret—*I killed thy uncle and my brother!* Not with the cold steel of the assassin, or the poisoned cup of the coward, but yet as intentionally and effectually, though not as openly. It was my horse he rode at his death, and I trusted—knew that he would never again reach his home. I desired it because I was beggared. Yet poverty I could have borne, but not thy ever reproachful face, nor thy being cast forth upon the world. But I cannot live longer. It were far better to die than to be slain gradually yet surely by an undying conscience. I leave thee my blessing; be happy in thy wedded love with Walter, and oh! as thou dost value his manly, loving husband's heart, keep him from the gaming-table, and thus save him from that which has wrecked me. And when I shall have made an end to this weary existence, do not think me——"

The pen here broke off for ever, and the spirit of the writer passed out from hence unto Him who gave it.

When Miss Chauncy was removed to another apartment, and had somewhat recovered the shock which the fearful event had caused, a gentleman came to the Hall, and demanded to see her. When he was assured by the servant that it was impossible, owing to the sad occurrence, he seemed shocked for a moment, but quickly regaining his composure, he pressed his request still more urgently, and was at length shown into the lady's presence.

With affected interest, he brought forth a few words of condolence, to which the bereaved one replied she was thankful for them, but must be excused further conference, concluding, "Mr. Halton, if you pity my state, pray leave me. I would be alone."

"Trust me, I am not insensible," said he, "to your forlorn state. But I knew that I must see you this night, as upon this interview depends much—whether, in fact I start to-morrow morning for the Antipodes or still remain in England."

"How so, sir?" inquired Minnie, from sheer surprise.

"Can you not divine?" rejoined Halton, with a cold, sickly smile, meant to be penetrating, but wofully disappointed in its object.

"No, sir. Why should I? And why this strange intrusion?" Upon which the griefs of the well-nigh distracted Minnie made her tears break out afresh.

"Miss Chauncy," began Halton, as he sank on his knee, "has it not long been evident to you how I have worshipped you with my whole heart, and desired nothing under heaven but the privilege of calling you mine? It is that which has brought me here to-night, and it is in your power to send me away for ever, or keep me eternally by your side."

"Begone, sir," said Miss Chauncy, beginning to be affrighted, "I never knew your thoughts, and could die sooner than reciprocate them."

"Say not thus, dear one, recall those harsh words which do but ill become such ruby lips. You cannot spurn devotion like mine has been, is, and always must be toward you. Say that you do not hate me, for then, in time, perchance you may learn to love."

"Never! How dare you, sir, thus to intrude upon me?"

"Only by the courage of love, which is denied to none of us. Give me the privilege of being your guide, your protector, your friend, nay, best of all titles, your adoring husband, and I will watch every moment that the shadow of harm may not come near you."

"Bad, hollow-hearted, crafty man, I despise you—loathe you!"

"Stay, gentle lady, even these rough adjectives are made sweet in passing through your mouth. The storm will soon pass, and then you will look upon my suit as it deserves, and if I may venture to hope that"—here he reached forward as though to kiss Miss Chauncy's hand, when the door was flung open, and Walter Marsden entered the room.

"Dear Walter! thank God, I am safe!" cried the maiden, as she advanced to meet him.

"Hold! dastard!" cried the new-comer, in tones which made Halton tremble; but in a moment the disappointed suitor rejoined—

"What is this? and who dares to insult me by that word?"

"I do," calmly answered Walter.

"And who art thou? The stripling that common report hath given to me as my enemy—my rival in the affections of Miss Chauncy?"

"Miss Chauncy has assured you that you cannot have a rival there, as yours is a name which has ever been execrated by her; seeing you were he who so devilishly tempted and overthrew the deeply-lamented Sir Marmaduke. Therefore, in his name, I bid you begone!"

"Not so, my young friend," said Halton, with forced coolness, "it is in his name, as his friend, and as one who had great encouragement with him in this suit, that I venture to stay."

"Then if the name of the dead cannot move you, I command you!" replied Walter.

His adversary laughed at this order, and added—

"Pray, who are you, young braggart, to command? School-boys generally have more tongue than bravery, but you excel, upon my word you do, yes, you excel all."

"You would not dare, sycophant as I know you to have been, thus to speak, did you know me."

"Are you not the mysterious stranger whom everybody sees but nobody knows? Further, I confess I am ignorant of you."

"Then," rejoined Mr. Marsden, with deliberation, "as Walter Marsden, the betrothed of this lady, I bid you address her no more, and as Sir Edward Chauncy command you to leave this Hall for ever, yea, dare you again to cross its threshold!"

The foiled wretch was dumb with astonishment.

He was some time ere he could recover his equilibrium; but upon doing so, he exclaimed, "Always beaten! Can win at first, but caught at last." He then muttered some incoherent curses upon his foe, but finding himself powerless, took his departure, utterly confounded, and much like a dog caught in a forbidden act, who makes off with a very flexible tail indeed.

And when he had fairly quitted the house, Sir Edward turned to the support of Miss Chauncy, who had relapsed into a half-fainting state at the strange revelations just made by her lover. As he soothed her with words of endearment and looks of affection, she mused within herself.—

"Can this be the same Edward with whom I played in infancy, and who has now been raised from the dead? Yet he spoke with assurance. Oh, poor miserable me, how can I have further acquaintance with him? How shall I dare—I, his own betrothed, the daughter of his father's murderer? This must not be!" and she wept bitterly.

Yet she did what was very sensible, and doubtless the best for her own peace of mind—she unburthened herself of the weight of her melancholy and terrible knowledge to him whom she loved with all the ardour and purity of a maiden's heart, and bade him do as he thought meet and right.

What *could* he do? What would you have done, reader? He gently drew her towards him, laid her head against his bosom, and said—

"God bless thee, Minnie, thou art mine!"

But though they sat with the dead in the house, he made her promise (and we hope no one will think it cruel) to become his wife immediately—

"For," said he, "I must not let the roses fade from thy cheeks, or they will never grow again; and in our happy marriage, the sorrows of Chauncy Hall shall all be swallowed up, and a brighter day dawn upon it than it has witnessed for many long years."

Accordingly, one morning shortly after the burial of poor Sir Marmaduke, the bells rung forth a merry peal, as there stepped from the ivy-covered porch of Benham parish church the most beautiful bride and comely bridegroom that had ever, within those sacred precincts, pronounced the irrevocable "I will."

In after days the strange vicissitudes of their lives were rehearsed, and the story of their never-changing, never-wavering love reiterated to each other, while their hearts ceased not daily to thank the Father of all for protecting, both from storm, peril, and all manner of evil, until that joyous re-union. All the people admired, esteemed, and loved them. Wherever they went, blessings followed in their train; the sick poor found consolers, the poor helpers, and the whole parish kind and considerate friends in Sir Edward and Lady Minnie Chauncy; and their name went forth, as the name of the good doth always, like a sweet-smelling odour throughout the land.

THE END

Thought and Language.—Nobody thinks in plain language, and hence comes half the error and misconduct in the world. If we could but think in words, how many a shadowy plausibility would fade to nothing—how many a veiled iniquity take shape repulsive and shameful!—*Colonel Hamley.*

A Lady nearly Buried Alive.—A story is told of a lady being very nearly buried alive at Passy, last week. She was a young married woman, who lived with her husband at No. 3, Rue du Marche. She was seized with a lethargy which terminated in apparent death. She was laid out in a coffin, and a hearse was at the door waiting to convey her to the cemetery, when her husband said he was not satisfied that she was really dead. Three medical men were called in, Dr. Josat of Paris, Dr. Lavaud of Passy, and a physician of Auteuil. They found that her heart was beating. In their presence a child was born, but dead. The coffin and hearse were sent away. The poor lady, however, never recovered consciousness. The physicians who justified the despairing doubts of a fond husband by certifying and proving that she was alive, remained to certify her death, and on Sunday she was buried at the Auteuil Cemetery, a great crowd of the inhabitants of Passy attending the funeral.

"A LITTLE WHILE" AND "FOR EVER."

"FOR EVER" they are fading,
Our beautiful, our bright,
They gladden us "a little while,"
Then pass away from sight;
"A little while" we're parted
From those who love us best,
Who gain the goal before us,
And enter into rest.

Our path grows very lonely,
And still those words beguile,
And cheer our footsteps onward—
"'Tis but a little while."
"A little while" earth's sorrows,
Its burdens and its care—
Its struggles 'neath the crosses
Which we of earth must bear.

There's time to do, and suffer—
To work our Master's will—
But not for vain regretting,
For thoughts or deeds of ill.
Too short to spend in weeping
O'er broken hopes and flowers,
For wandering and wasting,
Is this strange life of ours.

Though when our cares oppress us
Earth's "little while" seems long—
If we would win the battle,
We must be brave and strong;
And so with humble spirits,
But highest hopes and aim,
The goal so often longed for
We may perhaps attain.

"For ever," and "for ever,"
To dwell amidst the blest,
Where sorrows never trouble
The deep eternal rest.
Where one by one we gather
Beneath our Father's smile,
And Heaven's sweet "for ever,"
Drowns earth's sad "little while."

HELEN BURNSIDE.

Essays and Sketches.

LETTERS FROM A TOWN COUSIN.

COMMUNICATED BY SHIRLEY GERARD.

Author of "Letters from a Country Cousin," "A Dish of Peas."

LETTER VIII.

(Continued from No. 58, Old Series.)

WHAT will you say to me, dearest Julia, for leaving you so long without a letter? but really the days have gone I don't know how, and I have been most horribly idle and good for nothing! an old failing with me you will say, I'm afraid.

Here matters are progressing favourably, and Mary is enjoying all the honour and glory of being an "engaged" young lady; she has got over her astonishment a little, too, and is beginning to be able to speak of Charlie without danger of suffocation! He, of course, is all a lover ought to be, and "a few over" as poor Dashwood used to say, but Mary is so painfully submissive, and so delighted with him, that there are no quarrels nor vanity of *any* kind; a tame courtship of that description would bore me to death. I have preached to her by the hour to *assert* herself, to contradict him *even* once a day, to do anything but be so meek, but she only looks shocked, and evidently does not think things could be improved, so there let her be.

The wedding is to be the end of September, or beginning of October, and such a gem of a watch as he has given her, *such* a beauty. It is well to be her! They all want me to stay on here until the wedding, but I'd rather be excused, between you and me; I want Molly to come back with me and to get all her things nicely done in W——, but she won't hear of leaving the Farm one moment before she must.

"They say" it is *all* settled between Mr. Guest and Miss Menzies, but I really cannot tell; I am sharp enough about such things generally, and it doesn't seem to me that they are much taken up with each other; I do not think her at all pretty. Charley says she is, *very;* she is what people call a "fine girl," but I never *can* admire that style particularly, myself. Her figure is certainly good, and her clothes are well made, but I should think she will grow very stout in a few years; she is *Scotch*, her father was one of those, what do you call them? writers to the something in Edinburgh, but he is dead, and she and her mother live in London; so, you see, *she* is not "Country-bred!" She is a very quiet, reserved sort of person; I found it very hard to get on with her, but they all say she is very clever and agreeable when you know her; I never like people I can't know at once.

What have I to tell you about? Heaps of things, I think. Mr. Guest's cricket match lasted for two days, and was very pleasant. We had tents put up in a lovely large field close to the house, and a wonderfully good German band, wherever he picked it up, and heaps of people came from all directions, and only fancy, Julia dear—now prepare for a surprise—*Dashwood* is with the Depôt at —— *and he was one of the Garrison Eleven!* I was *greatly* surprised myself, as you may suppose, when I saw him, for I *really* thought he was with the regiment at Malta; how is it we never heard he stayed behind with the Depôt? and he was always so anxious for foreign service.

When we all drove up to The How in the waggonette, Mr. Guest and a whole set of the officers, all in their cricket dress, were standing together, and I *thought* I saw a face I knew, but I wasn't *quite* sure, for he had on a scarlet cap and jacket; but as we came nearer, there was no mistaking the little bunch of curls at each side of his head, and the eyeglass dangling by the short chain. He knew me *at once*, and I did not think he would, not expecting to see me, you know, for he didn't know anything about the people at the Farm, of course. He looked quite *taken aback* at first, and you remember the funny little stutter he had when he was excited? It was just the same as ever! "This is an un-un-ex-pected pleasure, Miss Arkwright! Where did you d-drop from?" So then he remembered Mary, and said, "By Jove! Won't Wybrow swear when I tell him!" for it appears the gallant Captain is with the Depôt too.

I asked for *Mrs. Dashwood* with becoming interest, but as I wasn't *sure* whether there was a *little D.* or not, I didn't mention anything of that kind. I can't fancy poor old *Dash* a "happy papa" at all! He was quite delighted to see me, I could see *that* plain enough, and he is a very nice little fellow, in spite of everything, and I shall *always* like him, I don't care what *anyone* says! I was so glad Miss Menzies and all of them saw him! He quite forgot all about the cricket after we got to the field, and settled himself on the ground at my feet just as he used to do; it was *so* like *old times*, I felt quite sorry, someway. He has got a little stouter—do you remember how we used to laugh at him about the "Banting" system? But I do not think he looks particularly happy, poor fellow! He says —— is a "beastly place," and that he would far rather be with his regiment abroad, but "when a man's tied, you know," he said, laughing, "by Jove, it's all up with him; what the women like must be done." He is living in barracks, and he says Mrs. Dashwood does not like it at all, but he could not get a house fit to live in, and that she must learn to "rough it." Poor fellow! Fancy him not able to dine at the Mess or do anything pleasant!

He asked all about everyone at W—— for all of *you* particularly, and said, with such a sigh, "Ah, those were jolly days," and just then Mr. Guest pounced upon him and he had to go and play that wretched old cricket; I am sure he hated having to go. I don't know what gentlemen find so pleasant in cricket; it is not half so good a game as *croquet*, that everyone can join and enjoy themselves at. I said so to Miss Menzies, but she didn't agree with me at all; she evidently despises *croquet*, and I am sure she just pretends to understand all about the other to please Mr. Guest, who is *mad* about it; she is one of your "smooth waters" I suspect, and I am certain she knows nothing about their ridiculous old *bye legs*, and *overs* and long stops, and nonsense! I never could see the pleasure of it; fellows standing ever so far away with their hands upon their knees, and others running, like lunatics, up and down, and every five minutes the people at one side crossing over to the other; and the shoes they wear are *so* ugly, and horrid padded things are strapped on some of their legs. A man can dress like a Christian playing *croquet*.

One of Mr. Guest's "Eleven" disappointed him, and Charlie played instead of him; he belonged to some *swell* "Eleven" at Eton, I believe, but I thought he had forgotten all about it, however, everyone said he ran better than anyone else; I am sure they *all* ran more than was good for them, poor creatures, in the hot sun; as to poor dear little Dashwood himself, he seemed to me *never* to be quiet, and when he got away at last, and came back to me, he was so awfully hot I thought he would surely have a sunstroke, or a fever, or something. Wasn't it nice? I mean to see one's old friends again. I am always *so* very glad to see people I used to know, it makes one feel at home more.

Old Colonel Benbow, "Shivers," you remember we christened him, has some staff appointment at ——; and Mrs. B—— is at *ditto*, I hear, just as chatty and good-natured as ever, and making the same fuss about Shivers, sending to the orderly-room to know if has got his knitted "comforters" on his wrists. Dashwood says he is quite sure if she knew I was here she would be over to see me, and he made a hundred apologies for *Mrs. D*—— not being able to call, they have no carriage, and ten miles is a long distance; I begged him not to think about it. I wish old Mother Benbow would ask me to stay with them for a few days; it would be such fun, and I should see Mrs. Dashwood; but I'm afraid papa would not like me to stay in a barracks; I might not tell them until I was there, and then a scolding would not kill me. The Benbows have such a good house, I hear, and give such nice "jolly parties," Dashwood says.

I am afraid I behaved rather badly talking so much to him all day, but I could not help it; we really were always *great* friends you know, and I don't see what great harm it was after all; do you? Charlie came up to me after luncheon, with a face a yard long, and said he thought, "considering everything," I should be a little more careful; but I said, "indeed, Charlie, dear, it is all right, and I am doing no harm;" I would have been very angry, only I was afraid he might say something against my visit to the ex-Benbow, supposing that she asks me, which I am afraid she is not going to do; but, indeed, she has hardly had time yet, for the last day of the cricket match was only the day before yesterday.

But poor dear Aunt M—— was the best fun of all; when she saw D—— so devoted to me, she thought she would be very good-natured, and she came to me with her dear old face all in a glow, to know if I would like her to ask my "friend Captain Dashwood"—if you please—"to stay at the Farm" to save him the trouble of going back to——, and back again to The How the second day. "We can squeeze him into the waggonette nicely you know, dear," she said. "My goodness! no thank you, Aunt!" I said, "don't think of squeezing him anywhere, please," and I *hoped* she would think no more about it, for I knew the *buzzing* and fuss there would be when it came out that there was a *Mrs.* Dashwood in the background, but away she trotted to Charlie, and, my dear, his reverence settled the matter in two twos, by telling her that my poor dear harmless little friend was married! more's the pity, and he was very indignant with me for not telling Aunt myself. Did you ever hear such a much ado about nothing? What can it signify to anyone if he had a hundred wives? Can they not let people amuse themselves? Not that I wanted him at the Farm, I assure you. They are all excellent, delightful people there as ever lived, but *I* know what officers can do in the way of ridicule when they are bored, so without a pang, my dear, I saw him depart on the drag with the others. He gave me such a darling rose he had in his button-hole, and, like a stupid, I lost it on the way home; so best perhaps; I don't see much use in roses or anything of the kind. I have had enough given me in my time to make a flower-show, and I don't think I am much the better for them, do you?

Now I think you have enough of my scribbling for this day. We are to have all the guests and Miss Menzies to tea and *croquet* this evening, but I suppose her *Ladyship* will be too grand to play. I must try and pick out of Fanny or Susan—they are regular little sieves—whether she and "my brother" are engaged; I don't think, myself, they *are*, but they have *my* blessing and approval if *that* will do them any good.

I shall expect a long budget from you very soon now, remember; you must have plenty of news for me, and you send me such miserable little scraps, and say you have no time. We had a jolly dance at The How the second day of the cricket match, but I must tell you about it another time, if I can think of anything *amusing* that happened. I am tired, so good bye, as ever your attached friend,

NANNIE.

Mr. Dashwood does not admire Miss M. at all; he hates *big* women! I am *very* curious to see Mrs. D.

"AS YE HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN!"

"A VERY happy New Year to you, dear father," and the arms of warm affection encircled the neck, whilst the bright young face nestled close down to the somewhat grizzly beard of the elderly man, closely intent, until this interruption, on the perusal of the *Times*.

"And the same to you, Nellie, and many of them, my dear. What have you there?"

"A letter, father, and oh! how I wish you would let me tell you all about it."

A frown of rather portentous meaning settled at once on the countenance of Mr. Hope, but he spoke not a word.

"It is from poor Amy, father, she is ill, and Arthur far from well and things are all going contrary with them," and the fair girl burst into a torrent of tears.

"Nellie, I thought that you, and all the others of my house, knew this to be a forbidden subject, why then do you presume to touch upon it. Amy pursued her own inclination in direct opposition to my will, and she must abide by the consequences, taking them, if they are bad, as a punishment for her disobedience."

"Dear, dear father, do let me plead for her, she was so young, so impulsive, had been so good all her life to all of us, and now what is her sin? She has dared not only to love, but to marry a poor man, but God, who implanted our affections, in His wisdom did not give us the power to hold them in abeyance to bestow only on the rich."

"Nellie, you are very impertinent!"

"Say not so, dear father, but this is New Year's Day. Do let us begin the year by being kind and merciful to each other."

"Forgive, as ye hope to be forgiven, dear John," and a white haired matron (just entering) whom none would have had any difficulty in recognising as Nellie's mother, placed a hand affectionately on each shoulder. "Oh, take our poor darling to your heart again, and give her, and hers, the comforts they so much need, enhanced by the expression of your good will, after all the most precious New Year's gift they could receive."

"'Pon my word there seems to be a conspiracy set on foot against me. Why am I to be so constantly annoyed? Am I such an inexorable, hard-hearted father to you, Nellie?"

"No, indeed, the dearest and the best."

"And do you know why? Simply because you have never yet been disobedient, nor ungrateful. When either of these faults can be charged against you, I shall discard you as completely as I have Amy."

"Oh, father, do not speak so harshly."

"I speak as I feel, Nellie, and now understand, both of you, I will not have this topic recurred to again," and Mr. Hope petulantly threw down the paper, and hurried through the streets to his office. It had been a grief to him, the rich city merchant, a blow to his pride, when his beautiful daughter Amy became the wife of a poor artist, whose talent and rising fame he considered in no way an equivalent to his want of fortune, and bitterly denouncing her, he resolved that henceforth she should be nothing to him. And yet he was not a bad man, neither was he peculiar, for there are many such in this world of ours, men who pride themselves on the strength of their resolution, the firmness of their will. Men who close the portals of their hearts to the holy impulse of affection, to the voice of their conscience, because their word has been passed, and this they will not sacrifice, alas forgetting the Divine precept which should guide them.

* * * * * * *

A darkened casement, smothered sobs, the tiny wail of a baby. Yes, the pangs of motherhood are over, but the edict has gone forth, and there is no hope. Amy Lynn must die, must leave the husband who to save her would, how willingly, have given his own life, the broken-hearted mother, the weeping sister, the tiny thing she has no strength to hold.

A heavy footstep on the stairs, the door is thrown open, the father's grey hairs mingle with the sunny ones on the bed, but all too late, for the pure spirit has fled to realms of peace, and the agonised man sinks on his knees praying for the forgiveness he himself withheld.

M. H. S.——s.

BARNEY BRADEY'S TRAVELS.

BARNEY BRADEY TAKES A RIDE IN AN ONYMBUS.

IT was a dhrizzlin' day in Novimber when I was loytherin' aboud the shockin' tall steeple of Misther Nelson, up there in Sakville-street. A suddent thought woke up me sperrit. "I'll imploy the onymbus to carry me out to Glassenivin," siz I. So thrustin' me hands into

ivery pockit that hung its barren emtiness around ad last, lurkin' aboud in the thick an' mazey linens iv me wasekoat, I dropped upon a bran new thruppenny bit. So cagein' the threasure between me fyngers, I axed a kyarman where I'd find the onymbus.

"Take a kyar," siz he; "ye'll be thare afore the 'bus; id won't start fur too 'ours." "Oh, niver mind that," siz I; "I'm an author, and I kan wate."

"Oh! are ye an author?" siz he; "then that althers the kase intirely. The 'bus will be chaper; id 'ill be up in a few minnits. I wouldn't go fur less nor a bob (whativer he meant be that). Sthrowl on thare toast the Bank," siz he. "An' when ye spot won kummin' up wid Bottany Gyardens prented around ids waste that's the won ye wont."

Well I thrapsed very aisily down, when ad last I seen the yalla masheen kim lumberin' into sight. I shouted out, "Onymbus! hike! here! Onymbus, whay!! stop!!!" But though I seen the dure-opiner wid his eye fixed strate in me, still id kep' rowlin' on; an' I seen ad wanst id loose it. So down I dashed into a shockin' spatther iv gutther, an' chargin' afther id me best, I med a lep up onto the platform that pokes idself out undernathe the dure, an' siz I awdibbly onuff for him to here, "Why the mischief didn't ye stop? Was id poethry ye were makin'?" (I wanted to tormint him be that, for I seen be his coorse extayrior that he kuddent put a line ov id together.)

He gev a little whistle, an' "No," siz he; "but you mightn't shout so voystifferatin'."

The onymbus stopped, an' whin he opin'd the dure id sthruck me the flure if id was like an underbred stable kuvir'd wid sthraw; I stumbled up the peepil's leggs, an' tuck me sate. The kushin was nice onuff, only there was a killin' hard lump a won side that thrubbled me a little, but I med no noise aboud it, fur there was a grate fat woman wid big, thick, bone spektikles propped up foreninst me, and starin' most forwardly between me two eyes. That spektikles powered ids illuminatin' gletther in onto me bashful sperrit the 'hole way iv me journey. I'm shure she 'new me to be the Poet Barney Bradey; but grate men shouldn't be inthrudid upon onto in that way whin thravilling incogynaynto. The contimperary thravellers seemed terrible onaisey; sum id take a start as iv they thought that they furgot somethin', an' shoutin' ti bbe let out ad wonst. They'd sthumble clumsey over the excrushitatin' korns iv their misfortunate bruthers an' sisters, an' disappeer like shadders in the smoke iv the methropolis, poethrykelly shpakin'. Thin sum id kum bobbin' up to the dure, puffin' an' blowin' as if they had folleyed the masheen thro' sholes iv gutther fur miles. Ad last we raiched our jurney, an' I seen me thruppence glitther wildly like a flyin' star thew a clowd in the coorse fingyers iv the roominatin' dureman, an' I passed away like a flyin' blast iv Summer's sunshine, poethrykelly spakin'.

I tuk me noates. A onymbus is a long Irish jantin' kyar turned inside out, wid another jant laid karefully up onto ids top; but thinkin' iv the shamin' out iv kowntinence I got be the grate fat woman, there as impident things as over I was in. *The next time I go Glass'-new'a I'll walk.* Yer own luv,

BARNEY BRADEY.

HARMONIOUS FACTS FOR LADIES.

WE have received the following interesting correspondence in reference to an article that appeared under the above heading, some time ago, in our columns. Comment on our part is unnecessary, as our readers will, doubtless, readily form their own opinion on the subject.—ED. L. O. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Alderney Manor, January, 1868.

SIR,—Having received a letter in a female hand, not from a lady certainly, from the style of her composition, dated "Bangor," attacking me for an article which appeared in your paper, commending the gentle art of "Whistling," and praising two young ladies who had charmed me by their harmonious performances, I must request space for, comparing it with the length of the lesson she attempts to read me, a very short reply.

If you think fit to publish this lady's letter, I place it as enclosed in your hands; if not, my rejoinder will be confined to a very few passages.

"Miss Martha Precis, or Pierce, Spinster," then, tells me I am "A being destitute of the knowledge of what is consistent with feminine dignity and propriety." These are harsh words, coming even from maiden lips, mellowed by age, and, therefore, I am courteously willing to suppose, like good wine, they ought to be all the better for keeping; but leaving *that, not them,* to the taste of the reader, surely there can be no harm, certainly no *vulgarity,* in producing a kind of piping warble so sweet that not one in a thousand can accomplish it.

Perhaps if the young governess, when praying in Westacre Church, had had the grace to whistle out of church, she would not have written in her book she left in church the following lines:—

"How oft on my knees in this place have I prayed
That I might have a husband, and not die a maid.
Grant, oh kind Heaven, in mercy most dear,
The petition I offer so *very* sincere!"

Let me ask my amusing ministress, too, if in *her youth* she had had the accomplishment of "whistling," if she quite thinks that the words "Whistle and I'll Come to Thee" might not have proved true, and even supplied her with a husband? Is it not Byron that has said:—

"A lady and all her little nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces"?

Then let me recommend our spinster not to cloud the merry, bright hearts of those who have spoken so kindly of me, by interdicting an accomplishment which cannot be vulgar, because it is not common, and is so very beautiful.

In conclusion, I can assure this lady that as it has ever been my maxim, in all my writings, to deem the most strict truth much more curious and startling than any kind of fiction can be; and while I thank her for a passing compliment paid to my pen, I still must praise the melodious pastime I have referred to, and offer to her nieces all the best wishes of many, many happy new years, wishing myself an audience in admiration of their, I am certain, successful endeavours to delight.

THE LADY'S OWN has been recommended by me as "never containing anything unfit for female ears"; and in my notice of a peculiarly sweet power, I'm sure the ears of all, if they have their right senses about them, will by one or other of our young ladies be charmed to great excess when they see how prettily the graceful warble flows without an apparent effort.

GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

TO THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

Hermitage, Bangor.

SIR,—As I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with you, you must excuse me for addressing you upon a subject of most *vital* importance, and I trust that the outspoken opinion of a Lady, who has the interests of the rising generation of her own sex at heart, will not give offence. We readers of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER perused with interest and pleasure a neatly-written account which you gave us of an adventure with a dog and some kind of wild fowl, although for my own part I am inclined to think that you drew upon your imagination for the incident in question; still flights of fancy in a proper and decorous direction are permissible, but when, shortly after, you used your *too able* pen to advocate WHISTLING as an accomplishment for young women, the amiable feeling which your evident kindness of heart towards the helpless creatures which form so large a portion of animated nature had excited in my own sensitive bosom, received a *severe,* and I fear irremediable, shock!

Can it be, Sir, that *you* are an advocate for that too prominent tendency in the young women of the present day to take up everything that is *hoydenish,* and—I blush as I write the word—man-like?

Perhaps you will call my ideas prudish and old-fashioned, but I am thankful that Destiny placed me in retirement from a world peopled with BEINGS destitute as you, alas, are of the knowledge of what is consistent with feminine dignity and propriety!

Heaven has placed under my charge three orphan nieces, pretty—although I carefully conceal the fact from them—modest girls, whose minds have been carefully trained upon the precepts of that pattern of her sex, Mrs. Hannah More, the value of whose works is incontestable; if you have never perused them, I commend them to your notice.

My dear Nieces are allowed by me every innocent recreation and amusement, but newspapers and all light literature are most *strictly* prohibited; however, within the last few months, on the advice of a Lady friend upon whom I can depend, the inhibition was removed from THE LADY'S OWN PAPER, for I am happy to say that nothing objectionable ever appears in its well edited columns, and my nieces look forward to its arrival on each Saturday with an avidity which to my mind savours somewhat of levity, but which I overlook, thinking it but the exuberance of animal spirits.

On the morning of Saturday the 16th of November, I breakfasted in bed,—I trust I shall be excused for alluding to this fact, but I am compelled to the avowal by the necessity of being explicit in my narrative—and my chamber being above that in which we assemble for meals, and the general avocations of the family, every sound made below ascends to my ear, when, by reason of the infirmities of nature, I am unable to rise to the duties of the day until after breakfast.

On the morning to which I have alluded, immediately after the arrival of the post bag, I heard what seemed to me as rather boisterous and unladylike merriment in the breakfast room, and presently a sound, which I never heard issue except from the lips of a man, or a boy. "Can it be possible," I said, "that my nieces so far forget themselves as to have a *gentleman* to breakfast with them while I am absent?" Our excellent Rector has a nephew who sometimes pays me a dutiful visit, but at the unseemly hour of nine A.M. he would scarcely venture to appear. I listened attentively, and my blood actually *curdled in my veins* as I heard distinctly that most vulgar and abominable of noises, WHISTLING in the apartment below! Even the air was familiar, it was one which Hannah, my youngest niece, was accustomed to play on the piano. Between the pauses of this offensive performance there were *bursts* of laughter! In about a quarter of an hour I heard my nieces cross the hall and enter the drawing-room.

I rose and attired myself quickly, framing as I did so some remarks calculated firmly, but gently, to acquaint my nieces with what I considered the *gross* impropriety of their conduct. As I approached the drawing-room, imagine my horror at hearing the disgusting sound again. I opened the door, and a scene presented itself which was well calculated to strike dismay into a well regulated female mind! Seated at the piano was my youngest niece, and from her lips came the odious sound which had already scared me more than once that morning, and by her side stood her sisters, holding THE LADY'S OWN PAPER between them, and reading aloud, as it seemed to me, directions for her guidance from its pages. I heard as follows:—

"But Mr. Berkeley says the lips are to be slightly compressed, Hannah, not pursed up like a man's; you did it quite right at breakfast, try again; and he says you are to look down."

"That is only if people have long eye-lashes. I wish he was here himself to give me a lessen."

Then my indignation reached a climax! "Nieces," I said, what is this I hear? WHISTLING! that most low and vuglar of all sounds made by the human tongue! In a man it is bad enough, but in a woman, in a YOUNG LADY——" I was rudely, I regret to say it, *rudely* interrupted. "But, aunt, Mr. Berkeley says he *knows* young ladies who whistle, and that it is the most beautiful thing in the world, and not at all vulgar; twice as pretty as men's whistling, and Hannah does it so well, I wish he could hear her. Do listen, aunt." "Nieces," I said, and my voice was very stern, "Let me have no more of this. I am shocked and grieved that a gentleman of whom I was disposed to have so high an opinion should have been the means of putting ideas so destructive to the dignity of your sex before you. I shall write to Mr. Berkeley and let him hear my mind upon the enormity of which he has been guilty."

But until now, Sir, I have not carried out my intention, hoping that my nieces would see the error of their ways, but, alas, they have rebelled against my authority, declaring that *you* must know better than I, their aunt, what is *right* and *seemly* for women to do, and moreover the dreadful contagion is spreading far and wide! Other young ladies who, it appears, used to indulge in this low and vulgar trick in *private,* now boldly essay it in public, and the propriety of society in general being so *seriously* threatened, I write to you, Sir, to *entreat* of you *before it is too late,* to undo the TERRIBLE thing that you have done.

For my own part I am totally at a loss to discover how it is that your influence over the *youthful female* mind is so great, but then youth is ever the season of folly! To me, having come to the years of discretion, you are an *epitome* of all that is *frivolous* and *unworthy* of IMITATION.

I subscribe myself your much injured

MARTHA PRIM (Spinster).

HE that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian.—*Sir Edmund Turner.*

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

THE three following receipts are specially suitable for this season of the year, and may help some of our readers to introduce something fresh at their winter-evening gatherings of friends.

Bordeaux or Parisian Cakes.—Make a mixture as for pound-cakes, leaving out the fruit, peel, spices, &c.; bake it in a round or oval hoop. When baked and cold, cut it into slices, half an inch thick: spread each slice over with jam or marmalade. The outside of the cake may be cut round, or fluted to form a star; and the centre of the cake is occasionally cut out to about an inch and a half from the edge, leaving the bottom slice whole; this may be filled with preserved wet or dry fruits, creams, or a trifle. The top is ornamented with piping, wet or dry fruits, and peels, or piped with jam and icing.

Italian Bread.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, one pound two ounces of flour, twelve eggs, half a pound of citron, and lemon peel. Mix as for pound-cake. If the mixture begins to curdle, which it is most likely to do from the quantity of eggs, add a little of the flour. When the eggs are all used, and it is light, stir in the remainder of the flour lightly. Bake it in long, narrow tins, either papered or buttered: first put in a layer of the mixture, and cover it with the peel cut in large thin slices; proceed in this way until it is three-parts full, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Rice Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and twelve eggs. Mix as Italian bread, and bake it in a papered hoop. If it is required with fruit, put two pounds of currants, three-quarters of a pound of peel, one nutmeg, grated, and a little pounded mace.

THE three following selected receipts for puddings, adapted for January, may prove useful to many of our readers.

Winter Apple Pie.—Line the rim of your pie-dish with puff-paste, then pare, core, and cut up half-a-dozen apples, mix them with the juice of a lemon and a little of the grated rind, half a pound of cleaned currants, a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and a quarter of a pound of sliced fresh butter, lay this into your pie-dish, cover it with a delicate thin crust, and bake it for an hour.

Currant Fritters without Eggs.—Take half a pint of mild Scotch ale, gradually stir flour into it until it forms a tolerably thick but smooth batter. Beat it up very briskly, and add an ounce of cleaned and dried currants. When your frying-pan of boiling lard is ready, put in a spoonful at a time here and there until the pan is covered with fritters; shake them that they may not catch, and when they are beautifully browned on both sides, take them up and serve with lemon juice and sifted white sugar.

A Spoonful Pudding.—Take a tablespoonful each of flour and milk, or cream if you have it, one egg, a tablespoonful each of ginger, nutmeg, and salt, and a dessertspoonful of currants, well washed, and afterwards dried in a cloth. Mix these things well together, and either put it into a small basin and boil, or bake it in a tart mould. Half an hour will do it.

The Useful Corner.

A WINTER SALAD.—A head or two of celery cut into small slices, a moderately-sized root of beet (previously boiled and cold), also cut into small slices, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one spoonful of salad oil, one teaspoonful of mustard. Mix these three carefully together with a little salt, then add two or three spoonfuls of cream; pour over the celery and beet-root, and mix all together.

SEASONABLE BEVERAGES.—At this season of the year, when evening parties are general, a few good receipts for the preparation of popular beverages will be acceptable. We select the four following receipts from "Warne's Model Cookery."

Mulled Wine.—Time, five minutes. One quart of new milk; one stick of cinnamon; nutmeg; and sugar to taste; yolks of six eggs; a spoonful or two of cream. Boil a quart of new milk five minutes with a stick of cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar to your taste, then take it off the fire, and let it stand to cool. Beat the yolks of six eggs very well, and mix them with a large spoonful or two of cold cream, then mix it with the wine, and pour it backwards and forwards from the saucepan to the jug several times. Send it to table with biscuits.

To Mull Ale.—Time, ten minutes. One pint of ale; three or four cloves; nutmeg and sugar to taste; yolks of four eggs; a little cold ale. Take a pint of ale and put it into a saucepan with three or four cloves, nutmeg, and sugar to your taste, set it over the fire, and when it boils, take it off to cool. Beat the yolks of flour eggs well, and mix them with a little cold ale; then put it to the warm ale, and pour it in and out of the saucepan several times, heat it again till quite hot, and serve it with dry toast.

Egg Wine.—Time, about five minutes. One glass of white wine; one spoonful of cold water; a few lumps of loaf sugar; a little grated nutmeg; one egg. Put a glass of white wine with half a wineglass of cold water, a little sugar, and grated nutmeg, into a very clean saucepan; set it over the fire, and when it boils, pour it by degrees over an egg well beaten with a spoonful of cold water, stir it one way for a minute, and serve it with dry toast in a plate.

Egg Flip.—Three eggs; a quarter of a pound of good moist sugar; a pint and a half of beer. Beat three whole eggs with a quarter of a pound of good moist sugar; make a pint and a half of beer very hot, but do not let it boil, then mix it gradually with the beaten eggs and sugar, toss it to and fro from the saucepan into a jug two or three times, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and serve it. A wineglass of spirits may be added, if liked.

THE two following are from Routledge's recent work, edited by Mrs. Bowman:—

Hot Milk Punch, Cambridge Fashion.—Rub the rind of two lemons entirely away on half a pound of sugar in lumps; put it in two quarts of new milk, and simmer over the fire ten minutes, then draw it aside; beat up the yolks of three eggs in half a pint of cold milk; strain it, and stir by degrees into it the hot milk; add a pint of rum and half a pint of brandy, and mill the whole into a froth over the fire; then serve to drink immediately.

Birthday Punch.—Break into pieces one pound of loaf sugar, and upon these rub off the yellow outer rind of two good-sized fresh lemons. Put the sugar into a large China bowl, and squeeze over it the juice of one lemon and a half; then pour over it by slow degrees two quarts of boiling water, smoothing and blending as you proceed. This forms the sherbet, which must stand till it is perfectly cool, then add one bottle of brandy, one of rum, and one of sherry. Mix them by pouring the whole once or twice from one jug to another. Keep in a covered vessel till wanted. This punch, though potent, is delicate in flavour. It is our own receipt, and we can vouch for he perfect satisfaction it always gives.

High Life and General Gossip.

THERE is a very natural inclination to shirk the hard wintry weather. Ladies of course are able to do this more successfully than the sterner sex. Their plan is to create an artificially-heated atmosphere wherever they go. When they are so fortune-favoured as to be able to lead a life of ease and pleasure, their bedroom is heated before they go upstairs at night; their breakfast-room is heated before they come downstairs in the morning. There clothing is a complete suit of armour, defying the cold at every point. When they go out of doors the windows of the cab or carriage are kept tightly closed. They go to the play or the opera when the theatre has been thoroughly warmed by the gas and the audience; and they drive home again, in a stuffed vehicle, to a hot room. With a sufficient quantity of shawls, goloshes, and fur mufflers, and with considerable prudence and attention, it is wonderful how long a young lady will maintain this sort of existence—never going into the open air, never taking any exercise, never, in fact becoming conscious of the presence of winter unless when he paints crystal ferns on her windows. Now there is no doubt whatever that the rigour of our climate directly injures the feebler constitutions among us; and there is as little doubt that these injuries are heightened and, in many cases, induced by the absurd system on which we try to avoid them. The life that is led by the majority of the young girls of our upper classes offers a general invitation to all sorts of diseases, but more especially to consumption. We are more the creatures of climate than many people are willing to acknowledge. Of course, it is very hard to draw the exact line at which we ought to cease interfering with the elements around us. The line must alter with differences in constitution.

HER Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was on Monday engaged in a very interesting ceremony in connection with Sandringham parish school. Their Royal Highnesses have ever manifested the deepest interest in the education of the children of the poor on the estate, and there are no fewer than four schools, which are principally supported by the Prince and Princess. The principal school is that of Sandringham, which for many years has been held in a room in the park, which was erected near the church by Lady Harriet Cowper, about ten years ago, before the estate came into the hands of the Prince. Amongst the various projected alterations to the Royal domain was the demolition of the school and school-house, and this necessitated further provision, which has been made by the erection by the Prince of a very excellent school-room and house for the mistress, on a convenient spot of ground between the rectory and Park House. In this school the children belonging to Sandringham and Babingley are taught, as also are some from Dersingham. The children of this and the other schools annually receive a dinner on the occasion of her Royal Highness's birthday, and a New Year's gift of hats and caps and cloaks and jackets; and on Monday morning her Royal Highness gave another evidence of the interest which she takes in the progress of the children by being present at the examination and personally distributing the prizes.

THE latest high-life gossip that reaches us from Paris is of a more than usually interesting character; and not the least exciting item is the reported approaching marriage of that brilliant star of the Imperial Court, the Duchess de Morny. There are some few highborn dames at the Tuileries—not many, but there are some few—who have consented to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of the Faubourg St. Germain; yet none of them "show blood" like this illustrious lady. They would therefore be loth to lose this *decus et tutamen* of the Tuileries; and she who has once been married to the Emperor's brother, for her to think of marriage! Had the duchess immolated herself, like an Indian widow, on her husband's tomb, the Court would have sat round the funeral pyre as gaily as the Bishops of Poictiers and Orleans would have sat round a roast of shrieking heretics at an *auto-da-fé*. But now, it seems, their indignation knows no bounds. The duchess was much attached to her late husband, who had many qualities which endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He died, and his beautiful duchess cut off those long fair tresses which had been his pride, and laid them in her husband's coffin. It was the only sacrifice which she could make, as she had nothing to give that he loved so much. After his death she retired from the world, and mourned with her widowed heart on her buried happiness; but the Duque de Sesta, a Spanish grandee, came to Paris, and has wooed and won the fair widow. The marriage is shortly to be celebrated. The first step, which would have deeply grieved her deceased husband, has been her perversion to Popery; but even this sacrifice has not sufficed to propitiate the Empress, whose anger will entail the necessity for the expatriation of the Duchess to Madrid.

A VISITOR to the Paris Exhibition records his experiences in observing the splendid specimens of jewellery exhibited at the recent World's Fair. He writes:—"Commencing with the necklaces in the French Department, I found some most elegant specimens in the Greek style, some of them large enough to cover the front of a lady's chest, and so arranged that the different pendant ornaments or drops, when detached, can be used either as a brooch, necklet, pendant, earrings, or ornaments for the hair. I consider the manner of construction very good, and at the same time very simple. There were several very nice coronets, but all after the same character—Greek. I was rather surprised at the almost total absence of the imitation of flowers, yet what there was was magnificent. A most complete sprig of lilac was a splendid specimen of what French taste and patience can accomplish, every flower and stem being as perfect as nature, and at the same time retaining plenty of strength. There was also a very nice imitation of a tulip, and most beautifully it was done, too, the streaks of colour therein being set with rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, as near the natural shape and colour as it is possible to get them. The remainder of the tulip, as well as the leaves and stem, was set with brilliants and rose diamonds. The harmonising of the colours in this particular instance was really grand. There were also several imitations of birds, suitable either for brooches or ornaments for the hair. The first was a peacock, with spread tail, each eye in the feathers being supplied with an emerald; and a few also were placed on the breast; the rest of the body, as well as the feathers in the tail, was filled up with rose diamonds. A small lyre-bird, in the same case, was also very good. This was made of gold, and set all over with diamonds, mostly rose-cut. The humming-birds were pretty, and tastily made. Some butterflies were nicely made and set, but there was nothing remarkable in the disposal of the stones. I noticed several beetles, as secret watches, the head being set with diamonds, the body a nicely-cut carbuncle, the wings enamelled a nice bright amber colour, each one to work from the body by means of joints, so that, by lifting up each of these, it at once discloses the watch; when closed, it makes a very novel pendant. I think something similar for a locket would sell well."

Now and again one hears of queer methods being resorted to to replenish wardrobes, but perhaps the most novel mode we have heard of is that brought to light by the apprehension, at Grimsby, of a young woman who has been carrying on a system of advertising for servants, making appointments to meet them, and of then obtaining possession of their clothes. A young woman named Alice Allman, residing at Copmanthorpe, near York, was in want of a situation. She applied at a register office at York, and was told to meet a lady in the first-class waiting-room at the York Railway Station. She accordingly met the lady, who called herself Miss Lister, and was engaged to serve the lady's aunt, who, she was told, resided at 14, Lister-street, Hull. A few days afterwards Allman proceeded to Hull, where Lister met her. The latter said her aunt was ill, and she took Allman to a temperance hotel. Allman soon afterwards missed several articles, but she did not think of suspecting her mistress. Lister now told her dupe that she was going to reside in London, and Allman agreed to become her maid. The two proceeded as far as Grimsby, where Lister took lodgings at one of the principal hotels, attended Divine service, and altogether conducted herself with decorum. They stayed here a day or two, and Allman took the opportunity of writing to her father and telling him what had occurred. He advised her to go no further, and on her refusing to leave Grimsby her mistress decamped, leaving her hotel bill unpaid. She was, however, on the same evening, arrested at Louth; and has since been brought before the magistrates and remanded.

THE town of Kells, the property of the Marquis of Headfort, has just been the scene of unusual festivities, which were carried out on such a scale as to deserve especial notice, not only as proving the great popularity of the noble and venerable landlord, now in his 81st year, but showing how far removed the baneful spirit of Fenianism is from amongst his lordship's tenantry. At an early hour on Monday week Kells presented a scene of unusual excitement; evidently some event was in prospect which stirred the hearts alike of rich and poor. This event was no less than the first appearance amongst the tenantry of his grandfather's estates of Lord Kenlis, and his lovely bride Lady Alice, only daughter of Lord Downshire, one of the most deservedly popular landlords in Ireland. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, while flags adorned the principal buildings. When night set in darkness was completely dispelled by the brilliancy of the illuminations of the streets. Some of the designs in gas were very striking, but while these called forth general admiration, deeper feelings were stirred by observing that there was not a window of any house, however humble, that was not illuminated by a candle. As soon as it was dusk the venerable marquis, accompanied by Lady Alice, drove through the town, and was greeted by deafening cheers from the crowd, the other members of the family following. The tour of the town having been made, the carriages drew up opposite the Court-house, where a brilliant display of fireworks took place, at the conclusion of which Lord Kenlis returned thanks in heartfelt terms to the surrounding crowd; Lord Downshire likewise expressing his feelings for the cordial reception given to his daughter. While the enthusiasm of the crowd was still at its height the marquis and his guests retired from the scene of rejoicings.

A ROMANCE AND A TRAGEDY.—The Siamese priests are supposed to be superhuman. They are expected to be invulnerable against all the captivations and fascinations of the fair sex. And dreadful is the penalty of their violating this principle of their monastic faith. A grave suspicion lately attaching to one of their order, a spy was placed over his conduct. On his return from his daily missions on the river, the spy watched him as he sat alone. The priest appeared frequently to take something from his bosom, which he pressed to his lips, and then returned to its resting-place. The spy, drawing gradually nearer, was enabled to satisfy himself that the treasured article was a rose. On the next occasion of the culprit's sallying forth on the river, his course was tracked by the spy, by whom he was seen to enter the gate of one of the gardens sloping down to the water, and to meet a young and handsome Laos girl, with whom—contrary to the sacerdotal law—he was seen to exchange words, from whose hands he was also guilty of receiving a rose, which he pressed to his lips. At length, being found absent from his cell at a late hour in the evening, he was proved to have kept a secret assignation with the same maiden—an act which sealed his fate. The following day he was tried for his crime, and condemned to a cruel death; while a similar sad fate was adjudged to the unfortunate young lady.

LAST WEEK we gave an account that had reached us from America of the sale of a husband, and now we can supplement it by the report of the sale of a wife a little nearer home. The *Blackburn Standard* reports, that on Saturday afternoon last a mechanic, named Thomas Harland, sold his wife to another man, named Lomax, for the sum of 20s., and all parties being agreeable to the bargain, Mrs. Harland has been transferred to her new husband. The following agreement has been drawn up and signed by the parties:—"Blackburn, Jan. 11, 1868.—This is to certify to all whom it may concern, that I, Thomas Harland, of Blackburn, do relinquish all my conjugal rights to my wife, Sarah Ellen Harland, in favour of Henry Lomax, for the sum of £1 sterling. As witness our hands, &c., Thomas Harland; witness, Philip Thomas and George Swarbrick." Harland has since announced that he will not be answerable for any debts his late wife may contract.

AT last it would seem the sad news of the mournful end of her beloved Maximilian has been broken to his ill-fated widow. Our Brussels letters, says the *France*, bring us intelligence which will create a profound emotion on account of the painful circumstances connected with it. The Empress Charlotte was a few days back informed by their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians of the shocking catastrophe of Queretaro. The first movement of the Empress was to utter a cry of anguish, which was immediately followed by a flood of tears. Then, resuming all the firmness of her character, her Majesty became calm; she observed that for some time past she had suspected that a great calamity must have taken place. She at once requested to have mourning provided for her. The Queen of the Belgians has since remained constantly with her sister-in-law, who supports this cruel trial thus far without injury to her health.

QUITE a gloom has been cast over the town of Beverley by the discovery of the body of a young lady named Hobson, the second daughter of a chemist of that name, in the canal a mile below the town. Miss Hobson, a young lady under twenty years of age, attended a ball in honour of a friend's marriage on the Tuesday night, and was also at a friend's house on the Wednesday evening, and appeared in the best of spirits. On the Thursday night she was missed from home, and telegrams during the night and next day failed to elicit any clue as to the whereabouts of the missing lady. Twenty-four hours afterwards her body was found in the canal as stated. She appears to have premeditated suicide, but the cause of the fatal act is a mystery.

WE have heard a good deal about improved cookery for the people lately, but now it seems that the various suggestions are likely to take practical shape. Thus, a few evenings ago a meeting took place of the members of the Society of Arts,—a body that has been the pioneer of many sanitary and social reforms,—to hear explained the details of a project for the preparation and distribution of hot food, by delivery service, at the homes of the people in cities and towns. It was proposed to raise a capital of £7,000, to hire a plot of ground, and place on it a building of iron and glass, 160 feet long by 40 feet deep, in 16 squares of 20 by 20 feet each, and about 18 feet high, with louvre ventilators. In this building plain food would be cooked on a large scale by a fuel-saving apparatus. With such apparatus they would be enabled to roast, boil, and bake meat, vegetables, and puddings of a plain description, to have the meat carved from the joints by skilful carvers, to have it weighed by assistants, and then placed, with gravy, in tin cases or in covered cylindrical jars. These jars were at once to be placed hot in japanned iron cases, or cupboards, mounted on a tramway in a room; these cases to be four or five feet square and about two feet six inches high, and each to form the separated interior of a cart, about the size of a parcels delivery cart. The vehicle, being thus loaded, and closed behind by a panel, in which there would be as many doors as compartments of jars, would then be driven off to deliver the goods. This, briefly, was the scheme proposed, and it met with so much favour that it is not unlikely that speedy action may be taken in the matter. For our own part we are not so sanguine as many as to the patronage such a monster "cookery" would meet with.

THE education of women is looked upon very differently now from what it was a few years ago. It is happily no longer heretical to claim for women the privilege of an acquaintance with the higher branches of learning, and ladies may form educational associations, and aspire to compete at universities, without being set upon as a dangerous race of perverts, while the professor who so far forgets the dignity of his position as to venture to lecture to them, is no longer treated as the by no means harmless lunatic that once he was thought to be. Thus, Professor Masson, the gentleman whose name is so well known in connection with high class literature, has just delivered to a large and brilliant audience the introductory lecture of a course on the History of English Literature, in connection with the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association. In the course of his remarks, he stated that in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, and other great English towns, as well as at the great English seats of learning—Oxford and Cambridge—it is now the established conviction of a large number of people—of all, in fact, whose views count for anything in such questions—that the time has come for a united effort to hoist the institutional means among us for the education of women far above the highest level they have yet reached. Until this is done, we persevere in the guilt of a great injustice, and we dawdle on as a nation at but half our possible nobleness and strength. "Education, education!" is now the cry everywhere; but of all forms of this cry there is none more interesting, none that suggests a vista of more exquisite and splendid social consequences, than that which demands for women an extension of the regular and organised means of instruction beyond the limits of ordinary schools, and access to a training answering, so far as may be practicable, to the best university training which our young men receive. The Professor further stated that he was one of those who go very far in this matter; and that it was his distinct opinion that the full and perfect solution of the question of the increase of opportunities for the higher education of women is to be found in nothing short of this—the throwing open of our existing universities, and all similar institutions, equally to both sexes, under such arrangements as it would be easy to devise for the purpose.

New Books.

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.*

This is a tastefully prepared volume, very suitable for a present from a mistress to her servant, or a mother to her daughters. In a smoothly told tale, it gives the history of a young woman who through the comparatively needy position of her widowed mother—though the family had once been in prosperous circumstances—exerts herself to find a situation, and by the influence of a friend at length obtains the position of attendant on an aged invalid lady in the metropolis. Here she meets with many trials of patience, of a kind, too, hitherto entirely unknown to her. She suddenly finds herself in a family that, having been greatly annoyed by previous servants, looks upon her suspiciously; while her fellow-servant proves to be one of those ignorant, blundering, irritable persons that, though not wanting in a certain rough-hand kindness, make but sorry companions to a sensitive nature. However, by her consistent conduct, industrious habits, even temper, and unswerving integrity, Maria—the newcomer—wins her way gradually into confidence—a confidence that strengthens the better she becomes known—until when, after several years' service, she retires from the family to which she has proved so unbounded a source of comfort, to enter a home of her own, with her William, she receives from her master a set of tea-things as a start in housekeeping, from her young mistress a few silver teaspoons, and from her mistress a handsome Bible, which is rendered doubly valuable as a present by the accompanying words:—"I give you this, Maria, as a token of my esteem. I need not tell *you* that a good servant is WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD."

If the amiable author had added an appendix to her book, informing us where such servants might be found,



we should scarcely have hesitated for a moment to place her book in the same exceptionable and delightful category; but, after all, perhaps she wishes us to strive to train such servants for ourselves, and so presents her volume as the readiest receipt to commence upon.

THE BOYS OF BEECHWOOD.†

This is another of Mrs. Eiloart's capital books for boys—books brimming over with hearty good humour and boisterous boyish mirth—qualities which are, nevertheless, always directed to the upholding of all that is good and noble and manly, and to the confusion of all that is mean-spirited and vicious.

The boys of Beechwood to which the reader is specially introduced are Lawrence Ashford, a bright, pleasant, gentlemanly-looking lad of fourteen; Arthur Dalton, a boy of about the same age, and moving in a rather humbler station of life, but one who had been "carefully brought up in a home where he had known much to love and very little to fear," and who, though he was "ready enough for anything in the way of fun, or perhaps mischief, that came in his way, would not have known how to tell a lie, or do a mean action, for the world." The third lad is Horace Mayne, one of the greatest mysteries, we are bound to say, to his good old indulgent aunt that ever aunt was blessed with. These are the leading boy-characters of the village, and the volume is largely occupied in recounting their haps and mishaps. Some readers may, perhaps, be inclined to think that the book is of just a little too boisterous a nature; but there are few, either old or young, who might not spend an hour or two over its sunny pages with pleasure—aye, and profit too.

The illustrations, for which we presume the publishers are responsible, are, as a whole, scarcely worthy of the text. The two we are permitted to lay before our readers will, however, not create an unfavourable impression, at all events with the younger members of the family. The one exhibits Lawrence reading up to defend himself before the justices, in the absence on the Continent of his parents, against a false accusation; the other an interview between poor Widow Hart, a prominent character in the volume, and the rector and two of his parishioners.

Mrs. Eiloart does ample justice to the "Great Unpaid," whom she sketches with much humour. We cannot resist giving a sentence or two:—

JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

The justices came in—first one and then another, but there was no rector of Beechwood among them.

"The old gentleman's worse, I'm afraid," said Lawrence, "or I'm sure he'd have been here. Well, they're taking it uncommonly easy! I think they're playing at justices to amuse themselves."

It seemed something like it, for the magistrates of St. Maur were in the habit of meeting upon the bench much more with a view to a little harmless recreation for themselves than with a regard for anything more serious. They took things easy; the country gentlemen about those parts troubled themselves very little about the law of the cases that came before them, not too much about the justice, were very severe on poachers, as country justices generally are, supported the town police in their authority, right or wrong, and, knowing very little about legal matters themselves, were pretty well at the mercy of their clerk, and in indifferent cases mostly gave their decisions as he directed them. The chairman that Tuesday morning was one Captain Frazer. He had been in the army many years, and acquired therein a habit of expecting people to give him the same implicit, unquestioning obedience that he had exacted from his soldiers. Being a justice of the peace made him feel at times something of the old power he had exercised when in his regiment. It was a delightful variety in the monotony of his country life, and gave him a little of his former importance, especially when, as on the present occasion, he took the chair. Horace scanned the Captain curiously. "You'd have had a better chance, Ashford, if the Rector had been in the chair. If you don't mind what you're about, that fellow will give it against you, out of sheer spite and aggravation."

The Captain took his seat, and very soon disposed of the first charge of the day, giving sentence in a manner which showed he was not at all disposed to take a merciful view of anything that came before him.

* * * * *

Artie's evidence was to the same effect. He was as positive as Horace had been that Bully never said a word about the assault.

"Just what *I* said!" cried Lawrence. "He never said a word to them about my beating him."

Mr. Ray began to feel less confident about his fees, considerate as the magistrates were to him; this was a strong point in Lawrence's favour, and he emphatically remarked, "He did *not* say he had *not* been assaulted."

The chairman seemed to consider this a profound remark—to look upon it as a matter of course that it was Bully's custom whenever he parted with any one, to say they had not beaten or ill-used him: and the observation had its weight with him. He leaned back in his chair, and deliberated—looking wise with all his might; then he turned to one and another of his colleagues, who whispered and laughed together. Lawrence and Bully had furnished them with no small amusement; but the former thought of the fable of the frogs and the boys, and felt tempted to tell the gentlemen who were making merry at his expense that what was play to them was very serious work to him. He was thoroughly indignant at their hesitating a moment about taking his word before Bully's. But he was more indignant still when he saw two or three of them produce sandwich-boxes, and pass them round—it put him irresistibly in mind of the audience of a theatre discussing "apples, oranges, biscuits, ginger-beer!" He drew a long breath, and looking at his friends, said, "Well!" a most emphatic "well," that spoke volumes as to his opinion of the proceedings of the justices.

"They're taking it easy," observed Horace, indulging in a long low whistle, for which he was promptly called to order.

But, after all, the boys ought to have considered that the justices had some right to take it easy; they had been some time on the bench, and sent one poor wretch to prison, so no doubt they were tired; and it must have been nearly three hours since any of them had breakfasted, so they might well be hungry; and besides they did their work for nothing and might therefore suppose they had a right to do it in their own fashion.

* *Worth Her Weight in Gold.* By the Author of "Without a Friend in the World." Fourth thousand. London: William Macintosh.

† *The Boys of Beechwood.* By MRS. EILOART. With Illustrations. London: George Routledge and Sons. 1868.

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God and love are everywhere; in light, in colours, in flowers, in the beauty of man, in the happiness of animals, in the human mind, in the endless spheres, as the sun shines on all alike, yet differently, and is majestic on the ocean, sparkling in a dewdrop, ruddy on the ripe fruit, silver on the stream, many-coloured in the rainbow, and pale and tremulous in the moon.—*The Moralist.*

New Music.

INSTRUMENTAL.

"The Sigh." By Albert Jungmann. (London: A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo-street, Regent-street.)

We have here a companion piece to the celebrated "Home" by the same composer. It is a gem of pianoforte music, easy to play, set mostly in flats, and with an air of sweetness aptly illustrative of its title. When accurately played it pourtrays "the sigh" with striking effect. We can conscientiously recommend this piece to learners as well as to musical votaries.

SONG.

"When the Morning Gems are Pearly." (London: A. Hammond and Co., 5, Vigo-street, Regent-street.)

Mr. J. L. Hatton is the composer of this song, the words of which are written by Augustus Greville. Both music and words are somewhat above mediocre, but there is no great originality in either. We give the words:—

"When the morning gems are pearly,
And sunbeams sparkle clear,
I watch her wander early,
And steal to linger near.

"Bright happy birds are filling
The pure sky with their glee;
Her heart is with the trilling
Of their glad melody.

"Ah! then while nature woos her,
By sun, and brook, and bough,
I tremble lest I lose her,
Yet dare not breathe my vow.

"And I sorrow if I find her,
The lov'd of all around,
'Mid sunny beams that blind her,
Where lovers gay abound.



"Bewildered by that gladness,
My spirit's tender care
But takes a hue of sadness
From all their joy and glare."

DANCE MUSIC.

"Apollo Polka Mazurka." By Josef Gung'l. (London: A. Hammond and Co. (Jullien's), 5, Vigo-street, Regent-street.)

"Weber Land und Meer Waltzes." By Josef Gung'l. (London: A. Hammond and Co.)

APOLLO POLKA MAZURKA.—This is another and very pretty piece of German dance music by the prolific composer Josef Gung'l. There is a kind of awkwardness in much of the music as arranged for mazurkas; but Herr Gung'l has succeeded, in this piece, in providing music which runs smoothly and pleasantly.

WEBER LAND UND MEER WALTZES.—These are a very charming and lively set of waltzes, arranged for violin and pianoforte, flute and pianoforte, or for a full orchestra. They are moderately easy, with a movement well suited to the graceful style of waltzing which distinguishes modern society.

COURT CHINA.—Her Majesty, a writer states, has one of the most splendid collections of Sèvres in existence. A good deal of it was obtained at the time of the Peninsular War, through Benoit, a French confectioner in the service of the Prince Regent and Beau Brummel. I must specially mention a *bleu-de-roi* dessert service, painted by Dodin, with borders by Le Guay and Prevost, made about 1783-1787. Fifteen other pieces belonging to the same set, and now in private hands, were in the Loan Exhibition, 1862. In the Royal collection are also seventy or eighty vases, many of them of the true *pate tendre*, and worth from £500 to £1,000 a-piece. Another very magnificent service was made about 1778, for the Empress Catharine II. of Russia; 160 pieces of it were afterwards brought to England, but re-purchased (except a few small pieces in the collections of Mr. Napier and Mr. Addington) by the Emperor Nicholas, shortly before the Crimean War.

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

Notabilia.

PERHAPS no household reform is more needed than the excesses of our servants. Servantgirlism is becoming a word of reproach. Dress among the lower orders of females has arrived at a pitch which has wholly changed the aspect and character of our towns and country villages. The ranks of bad characters are fearfully increased, and good wives and devoted mothers are sadly on the decrease. It is lamented by numbers of masters and mistresses that the dress of female servants is in general quite unbecoming their station in life; yet it is said, "How can we help it? they are too independent to bear being told of it." A clergyman's wife suggests that ladies should form an association, pledging themselves to adopt a uniform for their female servants, and to admit none into their service who refuse to wear it. The dress proposed would be neat, simple, and becoming. Each lady might choose the material and colour, and the taste of some might lead them to chose brighter colours than others, but let the following list of superfluities be prohibited by all:—"Flowers, feathers, brooches, buckles or clasps, earrings, lockets, neck ribbons and velvets, kid gloves, parasols, waistbands and sashes, jackets, Garibaldis, and all trimming on dresses, crinoline, or steel of any kind. No dress to touch the ground, Let dresses be gored, so as to make the figure neat and small. Let the hair be worn off the face, in the fashionable style, and neatly braided close to the head behind. A small round white cap, without ribbons or trimming. No pads or frisettes, no chignons, no hair ribbons or velvets. The following are merely suggestions which any lady could alter according to her taste:—Morning dress: Lilac print, calico apron, linen collar. Afternoon dress: Some lighter print, muslin apron, linen collar and cuffs. Sundays: A neat alpaca dress, linen collar and cuffs, or a frill tacked into the neck of the dress, a black apron, a black shawl, a medium straw bonnet bound round with ribbon and strings of the same colour, a bow of the same inside, and a slight cap across the forehead, thread or cotton gloves, a small cotton or alpaca umbrella to keep off sun and rain. The winter Sunday dress: Linsey dress, shepherd's plaid shawl, black straw bonnet. A plain brown or black turn-down straw hat, with a rosette of the same colour, and fastened on with elastic, should be possessed by all servants for common use, and is indispensable for nurses walking out with children. Should servants be in mourning the same neat style must be observed; no bugles, or beads, or crape flowers allowed." Although there is little likelihood of such a system being thoroughly worked—nor is it altogether desirable that it should—the proposal contains hints from which mistresses might perhaps profit in checking the display of finery which is now the love of our household servants.

SOME time ago the American world was scandalised by a controversy between poor Mrs. Lincoln and her quondam friends; and there were not wanting those who evinced a very active hostility towards the bereaved lady by attempting to defame her character as much as possible. Under these circumstances an announcement recently made should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, indicating as it does not only the good feeling but the good sense of the victim of scandal. It appears that when President Lincoln was assassinated, our Queen wrote a letter of sympathy to his widow, and the Rev. Newman Hall, while he was lately in America, had a conversation with Mr. Lincoln's son on the topic, and "asked him about the Queen's letter." "Yes," said Mr. Robert Lincoln, "we have been often asked about that letter; we have been asked to publish it. But it is a long letter of three pages, the outgushing of a generous woman's heart, and my mother and myself thought it would not be right to publish a letter written in the effusion of a woman's heart."

IF health be the greatest boon Nature can bestow, English ladies have much to be thankful for. America, with all its privileges, does not seem to hold a very enviable place amongst the nations as regards the health of her ladies. That they are generally admitted to be beautiful no one can honestly deny; but that their charms are far more fleeting than the English, seems also equally plain. And the reasons of it are certainly worth pondering even by our own countrywomen. One of the main reasons, perhaps, why women generally are so much weaker than men, and certainly why American ladies are not so ruddy as the English, and enduring and vigorous as the French, and why the ladies of the United States, outside of New York, are generally less ruddy and strong than the ladies of the metropolis (and such is the case), is the very circumscribed manner in which they pass their days, their lack of exercise—in short, their weakness results from their sedentary habits. Humanity was designed for activity. It is necessary to have action of body and mental excitement to develop the individual. Any departure from that law invariably shows itself in a degree of feebleness which, in some cases, terminates in the early failure of all vitality. It is a noteworthy fact, and one quite familiar to all persons of observation, that the conditions of health are determined by circumstances of social position. Poor women, and the daughters of poor parents, have a certain amount of robustness and vigour which those who are watched over with ceaseless care, that nothing may interfere with their progress in physical and intellectual development, seldom possess. We look at the broken panes in the sleeping-rooms of the children of poverty, and pity the poor exposed creatures, when their very deprivation is a blessing to them. Those who sleep with "the sky for a covering," or in rooms through which the air freely circulates because there is nothing to keep the wind away, have usually sound lungs, while the young lady who is continually waited on by a dressing-maid, and is pent up in air-tight apartments, usually has none to speak of. Their thin wearing apparel of gossamer materials, too light for warmth, offers no protection when they are permitted to inhale an atmosphere which the poor are obliged to breathe indoor as well as out. Coarse food is another element of youthful health. If the children of the rich were provided with a simple diet, instead of the mixed condiments and highly-flavoured dishes on which they are, as a general thing, unfortunately pampered, there would not be such vast numbers of sickly ones; and if the young women of America were compelled to walk more, ride less, work more and idle less, there would be more healthy ones.

THERE is a peculiar institution in Paris, for which we have no parallel in England. It is called La Morgue, and is for the reception of all dead unknown bodies kept for the purpose of identification. The name Morgue, is derived from the second wicket, or inner gate, of the Chatelet prison, which was called La Morgue. The special building now known as the Morgue, was erected in 1804. Its officials are a superintendent, a clerk and three assistants. The first receives 84*l.* per annum, the four latter 48*l.* each—small pay for the revolting and hard work they have to perform. The superintendent is a very remarkable man. The slightest mark on the body or clothes of the deceased, which would remain unnoticed by the casual observer, serves as a clue to him, by which means communications are made to the relatives of the deceased. A *proces-verbal*, containing no less than 20 particulars relative to the sex, age, manner of death, &c., of the deceased, is drawn up by the superintendent; and should this means and the exposure of the body for three days fail in leading to its identification, it is buried at the expense of the city, the establishment of the Morgue receiving 6*f*, 50c. for each burial. The number of dead bodies brought within its walls has been increasing during latter years in a frightful ratio, and out of all proportion to the increase of the population. Thus, in 1846 the number was 302; in 1856, 475; in 1866, 733; and in the first nine months of last year, 697. Of the 733 bodies deposited in the Morgue in 1866, 486 were men, 86 women, and 161 infants. Of 445 who were identified, 285 committed suicide by drowning, 19 were homicides, 36 hanged themselves, 5 committed suicide by firearms, 3 by knives, 6 by charcoal, 6 by poison, 3 died from starvation, and 82 from sudden death in the streets. The greatest number of bodies are brought to the Morgue in June and July, the lowest in December and January. Gambling on the Stock Exchange is stated to be the most fruitful cause of suicide. The most melancholy circumstance in connection with the Morgue is that it is frequently inadequate to contain the bodies conveyed to it, and that it will soon be necessary to raise a similar supplemental building.

LAMP explosions, though not of nearly so frequent occurrence in England as in America, yet are sufficiently disastrous even here to act as a serious warning to those who have much to do with lamps. From America we hear of a terrible and fatal kerosene-lamp explosion which recently occurred in St. Paul, Minnesota, and it is well that the details of such accidents should be made as public as possible. The explosion in question, was caused by a servant attempting to trim a lighted kerosene-lamp. The servant herself and the entire room were almost instantly wrapped in flames, caused by the sudden explosion. Those who attempted to extinguish the fire were severely injured, and the unfortunate servant-girl died soon after from the effects of the burns she received. Its lessons are obvious. All who use kerosene or paraffin oil should understand and realise that the first principle of safety is to burn only the *pure* article—the cheap mixtures are often exceedingly dangerous. In the second place, every individual who ever has occasion to touch a paraffin lamp, or use paraffin in any way, should know something of its nature—at least so much as to refrain from blowing down the chimney of the lamp to extinguish it, from filling it or putting it in order in any way when lighted, from setting a can of oil on a hot stove, or near a fire, and from pouring the fluid over wood to hasten the kindling of a fire. Accidents may occur in other ways, but the means above mentioned should never be adopted except when the special object is to blow up the lamp, or to produce an explosion of some kind.

REALLY, if goodness and other high qualities were always found in proportion to the amount of lecturing received, woman ought to be blessed indeed! Scarcely a week passes but a "lord of creation" comes forward to relieve his overcharged elocution by an address on the virtues and foibles of the other sex; and every stump orator, hard pressed for a theme, is apt, like Lilliwak's umbrella, continually to break out anew in the same strain. Surely the gentler sex should be highly grateful for the condescension and patronage; and yet somehow we fear they are not always so. One of the most recent of the lectures we have heard of has just been delivered, under distinguished patronage, in the Exchange Hall, Nottingham, by the Rev. J. F. Moody, one of the town councillors occupying the chair. The lecturer, in the course of his address, enumerated several different types of womankind. First, the woman whom every word indicated to be possessed of indomitable courage, sanguine in temperament, disposed to occasional fits of melancholy and depression, and who could ill brook any will different to her own. The second was the woman whose mind was permeated by the theory of some fixed scheme; she was not over careful to her personal appearance, and left the arrangement of her affairs to servants, and the consequence was, that when the husband returned home from his toil, he found disorder and discomfort at home, instead of order and happiness, because his wife was more impressed with things abroad than in her own house. The next was the woman possessed of that strong natural common sense which was born, not perceived, and who scattered masculine logic to the four winds. The fourth was delicate, kind, and sensitive, both in body and mind; she could influence half a mile off, and could tell when an east wind was coming long before it came, simply by her own sense. The fifth was an orderly woman, plodding about her duties, ever finding fault with her husband because something was in the wrong place, and never liking to see even a pin anywhere but where it ought to be. This was the type from which they got their old maiden aunts. The sixth was that sweet woman, humbly obliging, and having no will of her own. She could warble like a nightingale, and pout like one of the prettiest amongst them. If you said "Yes," she would say "*Yes*;" if you said "No," she would answer "*No*;" and she would say "Indeed!" to everybody. The seventh was the bright-eyed, sparkling, rollicking woman, particularly attractive to strangers. She was very zealous, and would not like her husband to attend a public concourse without her. The rev. gentleman very wisely declined to state to which class his affections were most strongly inclined, but he told a Lancashire story which is too good to lose. It is that of an old married couple, who sat one evening round the fireside, with the dog snoring in one corner and the cat sleeping in the other. "John," says the old lady, "these twenty-seven years we have been married, and it has been 'nag, nag,' all the time. Look at the dog and cat, how quiet they are." "Yes," replied John, "but just tie them together and see how they will be."

THE present aspect of the marriage question, a subject that we brought before our readers in an article a few weeks ago, has since caused the most lively discussion, the point specially dwelt upon being the falling off in the marriages in the higher and middle classes. One intelligent writer urges that there are two causes at work in producing a state of things which it can never be either for the advantage of individuals, for the happiness of families, or the good of society that they should continue; and they are causes which involve more or less of mutual blame, not to say of mutual guilt,—not merely on the part of the young men and young women themselves, but of their parents also. "Train up a child in the way he should go." If this Divine precept were fulfilled as it ought to be, and as so many wish with aching hearts, when, alas! it is too late, that it only had been, should we find, on the one hand, our young men adopting rules of conduct, and habits of life, which not alone utterly indispose them for the quiet domesticity of the marriage state, but actually set them against it as one of conscious but wholesome restraint; or, on the other hand, should we see our young women employing a style of dress, pursuing a line of conduct, and acquiring a character and reputation which must frighten, or must disgust, all such as might or as ought to be looking out for wives amongst them? And are parents, we ask again, in nowise to blame for this? The fashion of the day is to be *fast*. It is popularly considered among the young—and even, in many cases, among such as are not very young—to be the greatest accomplishment of all for either sex in this "liberal and enlightened age." And habits of fastness, as the records of every-day life painfully evidence, are anything but conducive to domestic felicity either before or after marriage.

OH, Fashion! what strange things have been done in thy name! How not only common sense but modesty have cowered before thy imperious glance, and hidden their diminishing heads, if the phrase may be allowed to pass, in obscurity! If the reader has any remaining doubt on this subject, recent fashionable news from Paris will surely convince him. Thus, a contemporary says: Ladies seem to do the most courageous things with an unconscious *naivete* quite refreshing. They leave the boldest man ever born far away behind them. For instance, if a gentleman were to walk with stately step and head erect into a court ball stripped down to the waist except for a small streak of sky-blue silk and gold fringe, shaped like the lower part of an extinguisher, round his loins, his appearance would occasion a sensation. The demonstration of public opinion or active hostilities by which his advent might probably be followed would not be at all appeased by any novel clothing with which he might think proper to hide his legs. If he crowned his naked bust with an immense wig stuck on the top of his head and decorated that ornament with a large collection of foreign cockchafers from the Brazils, it would be all very well for him to put a rose over his left ear and call the whole a Bismarck chignon; this would not by any means protect him from further comment, and there would be a very general impression among the company that he was insane. It would be equally useless for him to allege that he had merely costumed his person after the manner of a ballet dancer turned upside down, and endeavour to convince his acquaintance that he was proverbially remarkable for good taste. Wherever he turned his eyes, he would see nothing but blushes and angry looks. Allusion to Greek statues of former times would profit him nothing. A spacious white gauzy garment all *tulle d'illusion* fastened round the lower part of his waist, and much too long for him, would not go far to reconcile any one to his appearance, however full it might be of small puffs. Yet this is an unvarnished description of the clothing worn by a famous beauty in Paris. This is, indeed, a plain description of the last device invented by mad hatters and March hares to shock and astonish all decent and orderly people.

THE extravagance in female dress in New York is at length subsiding. A Transatlantic writer says that the improvement made this season in American fashions is encouraging to true taste and refinement. The ladies no longer surrender their judgment in these matters to the "carpenter's rule and measure" fashions that are offered to them as the latest Parisian styles. They have learned to select for themselves what is becoming to them, and to adopt only the prevailing tone of fashion in every article of dress. This is a revolutionary period, and it would seem that the ladies will not be behind hand in asserting their rights.

The Newest Fashions.

A VERY pretty ball dress, in all its ample folds of azure silk and snowy white, fit for a fairy's wear, lies before us. First is a skirt of white grenadine, softly waving over petticoats of fine muslin, two or three in number—a new one at the top, we are told, and washed ones beneath—because many light slips give an aerial look to the wearer. First of all, then, white grenadine, quite plain. Down the front, two inches apart, are two rows of azure ribbon, two inches wide; when these reach the hem, they are turned back each way, and run all round the extreme edge of the skirt. It is headed with a close row of large pearls, which continue up the sides, and another row is placed up the front, between the ribbons. The tunic is of light azure taffetas. It is edged all round with white lace insertion. It comes within half a yard of the hem behind, but it is only a quarter of a yard deep from the waist in front. The slope from the back to the front is very sharp, and a point is almost formed behind. It is open at one side over the hips, and caught together by a large rosette of blue silk and white lace at the points. Below this hang two scarf ends, fringed; so the effect is as if the side breadths were tied together in a knot with ends. There are no pleats in this tunic. Lace insertion covers the ribbon that trims the grenadine skirt. To complete the effect, pearls should be studded on the blue silk above the lace. A small straight corslet, apparently cut in one with the skirt, and edged at the top with a similar trimming, encircles the waist. The *berthe* is formed with five scollops both sides, and of perpendicular puffings of white tulle, two to each scollop. Blue and white ribbon, twisted or plaited, is laid between each puff. It also heads a fall of lace at the edge, and rests between two rows of narrow lace on the top. A rosetto on each shoulder, with two small ends of blue taffetas, repeat the device of the skirt. A small wreath of blue and white crystallised flowers rests on the bosom.

An elegant dinner dress for a married lady is one of black velvet. The side seams are open, the front breadth a quarter of a yard shorter than an emerald green satin skirt which it discloses. This breadth of velvet is edged all round with a wide rich white lace insertion, and a handsome fringe edges the bottom only. The back is trimmed round and down the sides with similar lace. Straps of black velvet, edged with very narrow white lace, are placed all the way down the open seam, widened out at each extremity like the capital letter A is widened. A large ornament is placed in the centre of each strap—either a bunch of small tassels with a heading, or clusters of beads. There should be seven straps each side.

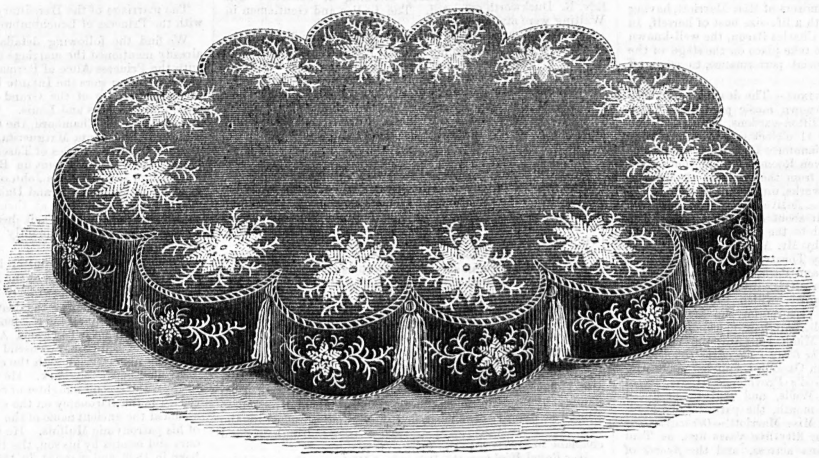
A ball dress consists of a long petticoat of tulle, with a deep box-pleated flounce, over the head of which, concealing that it is a flounce, falls the second skirt. Six sash ends hang from the waist. These may be made of pink silk with two rows of satin piping all round, and a third across the end, with round ornaments down the centre, and a row of piping round each, or on a net foundation, run an inch and a half wide pink satin ribbon flat. Down the centre place five or seven graduated rosettes. Narrow ends of these project up round the waist, forming a corslet-like trimming.

Another device for sash-ends is two pieces of wide ribbon graduated by folding each back towards the top, and cut in long points at the end, one point to each, sloped different ways, like a swallow's tail. These are united by six rosettes of ribbon and lace, graduated in size, and to which the ribbon is tacked, one piece on each side, without any foundation.

The triple rings for ornamenting sashes are made in a number of pretty devices. Two rings or slides are fixed one in front and one at the back of the waist through the ribbon. From these, by two chains, hangs a larger ring at the side; it has a bar to the centre. The ends of the ribbon are crossed transversely through the ring and over the bar. Some of these rings are suspended from the waist by chains of rough coral, which look very pretty, and as the price is moderate (2s. 11d.), they are within the reach of all.

A very elegant dress of the true *Empire* style is composed of rich lavender *gros grain*—or, as it is technically called, French grey. It is gored completely. A quarter of a yard above the hem a large *roulean* of satin of the same colour makes the tour of the skirt. It is four inches wide, and is rounded by the insertion of buckram and a little wadding. At intervals of four inches, bands of narrow velvet cross the *roulean;* they are placed two and two, about two inches apart, with a row of silver filigree buttons (three in number) between each. Coming from under the *roulean* are scollops described by four rows of narrow satin wadded piping, each scollop extending from one row of silver buttons to the next. From the waist, half-way down the skirt on each side, a number of narrow pipings are laid close together, in the shape of sash-ends, vandyked at the extremity, and every piping ended by a button. The bodice is plain, and short-waisted. Across the breast are even rows of narrow wadded satin pipings. There is no waist-band, but a row of very small scollops covered by minute pipings, which is repeated upright round the throat, added, not cut in one with the body. Round the top of the sleeve is an ornament corresponding with that upon the skirt in all details. The cuff is scolloped and piped like the throat, but the ends of each scollop combine in straps about four inches up the sleeves, straight. Above this are six rows of piping round the sleeve, like the bodice trimming. It is a close coat-sleeve, and the back seam has a row of scollops covered both sides with piping, standing out from it, as a zebra's mane, or a fish's fins stand up. The comparison may be somewhat ludicrous, but it gives the notion graphically. Finally, the elegance and simple effect made by this toilette, so tedious to describe, will be sure to delight if composed by sufficiently skilful hands.

A very graceful trimming, suited for a poplin, a *gros grain*, or a ball dress, is the next novelty we will describe. If in silk or woollen fabric, one skirt only is needed, trimmed with velvet or satin. For a ball-dress, we will suppose four skirts—an under one, fine pleated, an upper, of white grenadine. The upper skirt is cut up a little at each side, exposing the under one, but with a graceful slope, and the front breadth is a *little* shorter than the under petticoat. Four rows of myrtle-green ribbon or satin *rouleaux* are placed all round the upper skirt, commencing at the extreme edge. The upper skirt *appears* to be open from the waist down, because a single row of the trimming is carried up in waved lines, which cross each other, and give the appearance of three oval spaces. A very large, broad bow of green satin ribbon, with a knot and two short ends, are placed over the skirt ends at the sides, beneath this cable-twisted trimming. Above the upper row of satin trimming, and coming from under it, are green velvet leaves, dotted with seed pearls in the veins, and arranged rather close together. They are also carried up the side trimming. The *berthe* consists of three upright puffs of *grenadine* with a satin *rouleau* between each and at the top a row of velvet leaves points downwards. A small wreath of velvet leaves (they are oak leaves), and a bunch of gold acorns rest in the centre. The hair is decorated to correspond.



ORNAMENTAL STOOL IN FLOSS SILK AND VELVET.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

ORNAMENTAL STOOL IN FLOSS SILK AND VELVET.

ON a bright mauve-coloured velvet, embroider the flowers in gold-coloured filoselle. If a light and a dark yellow and a brown are employed and the shading is carefully introduced, the work will be improved.

To cut out the velvet, first shape it round or oval, according to taste. Then cut a thick card in a scollop, and mark the edge of the velvet by it all round. Run a tacking-thread along to preserve the outline. Draw the flower sprig on paper, and trace a sufficient number thence on tissue paper. Tack these to the velvet, and embroider over them in satin stitch, carefully tearing away the paper. The side is composed of a straight piece; pieces of calico are cut to correspond with the velvet, and are united by a wide border and then stuffed. The velvet is mounted over this; a plain piece forms the base. A gold-coloured cord is sewn round both edges, and tassels ornament every scollop. It is not tedious to work, and forms an elegant present.

TRUE resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointments of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospects of even a toilsome and troubled life.—*Humboldt.*

STREET SIGNS.—Those who have seen pictures of the London streets in the middle of the last century must have been struck with the multitude of the signs which hung overhead. In old print-shops we often meet with an engraving of Fleet-street, in which the long perspective of that thoroughfare shows a row of gigantic signs running from top to bottom on either side of the way. We are conversant now with none but publicans' signs; but in those days it must be remembered that every tradesman hung out a sign, as did also many of the professions. It was, in fact, the only method of distinguishing one tradesman from another, for the houses were not numbered. Let us take up the *Spectator* for January 29th, 1712. The first advertisement is as follows:—"A very neat pocket edition of the *Spectator*, in a volume, 12mo, printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and by J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head over against Catherine-street, in the Strand."

The Toilette.

A DELICATE HAND.

WE have received from time to time so many inquiries from subscribers as to the best mode of preserving the delicacy and beauty of the hand—those marks of a true lady—that we have thought it would be well to devote a special paper to the subject, as in our ordinary replies to correspondents we are necessarily greatly restricted as to space.

One of the best articles we remember to have read on the Preservation of the Beauty of the Hands, is that contained in Mr. Cooley's comparatively recent and admirable work. "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts." Before, however, we make a few extracts from this work, we would remind the reader that no hands, however delicately moulded by nature, can be preserved in their beauty unless kept scrupulously clean, and properly dried after every ablution. Those who have been endowed with a very delicate skin may also find it desirable not only to exercise the greatest care in drying their hands, but also to use a little oatmeal in the water, or to sprinkle it on the hands after washing. This, however, is not often necessary where coarse, strong kinds of soap, or those abounding in alkali, are avoided in the toilet, and only mild emollient soaps, or those abounding in oil or fat, are employed.

Rain-water or soft water is the best natural water for washing the hands, as it cleanses them more rapidly and completely than ordinary hard water, and with the use of less soap. It may be advantageously used tepid, or even warm; but hot water should be avoided. Distilled water, as Mr. Cosley tells us, when obtainable, is preferable to even rain-water. In the absence of these, water that has been boiled and allowed to settle and cool, may be employed. With hard water the hands are cleansed with difficulty; and though it may be readily softened by the addition of a little soda, such an addition tends to make the skin of a delicate hand somewhat hard and rough. If hard water must be used to wash with, the only harmless substance that can be conveniently added to it, to soften it, is a little good powdered borax. This will also cause it to exert a general action on the skin. When the hands are very dirty, or are oily or greasy, the best yellow soap, with warm water, may be employed to cleanse them. It is sufficiently detergent for the purpose, without being acrid.

Fruit-stains and ink-stains, and like discolourations, may be removed from the hands by washing them with lemon-juice or vinegar-and-water, or by immersing them for two or three minutes in water slightly acidulated with oxalic acid, or a few drops of oil of vitriol, or (better for ladies) to which a few grains of chloride of lime have been added; observing afterwards to well rinse them in clean water, and not to touch them with soap for some hours, as contact with alkaline water will generally bring back the stains, after their apparent removal by each of the above substances except the last.

The application, once or twice a day, of a few drops of Gowland's lotion to the hands, after washing and wiping them, imparts a delicate whiteness and softness to the skin which is highly agreeable. Glycerinated water, employed in the same way, also renders the skin soft, white, and supple. The best time for applying either of them, is immediately before retiring to rest at night. Coarse, red, dark-skinned hands, may be whitened by the occasional use of a few grains of chloride of lime, with warm water, in the manner mentioned above.

(To be continued.)

The Ladies' Garden.

THE great change that has taken place in the weather during the last few weeks has given opportunities for gardening that should not have been missed. Greenhouse plants should have fresh air admitted at all favourable opportunities, and have occasional waterings during the continuance of this mild weather. On calm mornings let the windows be opened a little about ten or eleven o'clock, and about three in the afternoon let them be closed again. Profitable amusement may be found in the greenhouse just now in keeping the plants clear from decayed leaves, &c., and occasionally stirring the surface mould of the pots with a small stick.

ROSES required to bloom early may be pruned now, but it is too early to prune the general collections.

Where it was not attended to in the autumn, the planting of many kinds of evergreen shrubs may now be seen to.

INDOORS.—Give water sparingly now that the weather is so much milder, but if severe frost again set in, as is not at all unlikely, cut off all further supply, or, at any rate, only water on fine mornings. Useful occupation may be found in watching the new shoots of herbaceous plants, and pinching off any that are likely to interfere with the general shape of the plants. Fuschias that were cut down in autumn are now, in many instances, full of green sprouts; as these extend round the stem, bring them up to a stick in the centre with strips of bass, so as to form compact and well-shaped trees.

AURICULAS in pots may now be dressed, for the plants will soon begin to push for flower, and should be attended to and assisted. Strip off dead leaves; take as much of the top mould off as can be taken without disturbing or bruising the roots, and fill up with the usual compost, pressing lightly down. If the pots be dry from the shelter afforded them, give a little soft water, about ten in the morning in mild weather.

The following remarks from the *Gardener's Magazine* on that general garden favourite with ladies—the Jasmine—though they can scarcely, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, be con-

nected with practical gardening, are so interesting that we cannot resist the temptation to quote them. The jasmine has been, from time immemorial, a reigning favourite wherever it has been known. In Oriental poetry it is held as the symbol of the purest chastity and virgin love; and in colder climates, even where the idea partakes more of the *material* than in those sunny regions, it has formed the theme of many an early "soft inspiration." The *Jasminium officinale* has been with us a favourite wall-shrub from beyond all record. The earliest account we have of it is from Gerarde, in 1599, who says it was then in common use for covering walls and arbours with. The various species form, with us, highly ornamental subjects for every situation in which flowers are grown, as they may be selected for the open air, even to the bleakest spots, the greenhouse or conservatory, and the stove. The number of species grown in British collections exceeds twenty, the most part producing handsome white flowers of the richest fragrance. The finest is J. sambac, a native of the East Indies, a very beautiful plant when grown in a stove; it also succeeds well in a greenhouse if allowed a warm situation. This plant was first introduced and grown in the Hampton Court Gardens, but from some cause was lost soon after. It was then known in Europe only at the gardens of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa, where, we are informed by Evelyn (Memoirs, &c., by Bray), a guard was placed over the plant, that no cuttings might be purloined. From this circumstance a very pretty tale has been manufactured, which relates that the gardener, being attached to a beautiful peasant in the neighbourhood, but obliged to defer the completion of their happiness from pecuniary reasons, contrived to escape the vigilance of the guard, and gathered a sprig of this much-prized jasmine as a present to his mistress. The young girl, wishing to preserve this love-token, stuck it in the earth, where it soon emitted roots, and, by certain judicious hints given by her lover, it soon became the means of securing them all they wished; hence, too, the origin of this flower being a chosen bridal present. The plant was not grown in England again till the year 1730, when it was sent to Miller, of the Botanic Gardens, at Chelsea.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.—Mr. Tennyson is about to issue a "Standard" edition of his works in four library volumes. This edition will be carefully corrected by the poet, and will contain some notable additions to his published writings.——We hear also that Mr. Tennyson is compelled to announce his regret that it is no longer possible for him to answer the innumerable letters, or to acknowledge the MS. verses, which he is in the habit of receiving from strangers.——A subscription has been set on foot by the public admirers of Miss Marriott, having for its object to present her with a life-size bust of herself, in Carrara marble, executed by Mr. Charles Bacon, the well-known sculptor. The presentation is to take place on the stage of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, at a special performance, to come off early in March next.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL JOTTINGS.—The death is announced of Mr. R. Addison, the well-known music publisher, which took place at his residence, Clifton-gardens, Maida-hill, on Friday morning, 17th inst., at 11 o'clock.——Miss Madeline Schiller announces a series of Pianoforte Recitals, to commence on the 28th inst., at the Beethoven Rooms.——Antoine Rubinstein has had quite an ovation from the students at Munich, who gave a performance of his works, under the direction of Dr. Hans Bülow.——A grand musical festival is projected in Leeds, to take place in the Town Hall about September next. The proceeds are to be appropriated to the Infirmary.——A new domestic drama, in three acts, by Mr. Andrew Halliday, is in preparation at the New Royalty Theatre.——A. Rubinstein is expected in Holland, Belgium, and Paris, and intends coming to London, to give a series of recitals.——Lady Barrett-Lennard's amateur dramatic company, which has reaped such laurels in the provinces, will perform for the first time in London at the St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on the 30th inst., for the benefit of the 4th Middlesex (Authors) Volunteer Artillery.——*Alice Ford; or, The Gray Lady of the Grange*, the new four-act drama by Mr. John Oxenford, founded upon Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks's novel, "God's Providence House," is in active preparation at Sadler's Wells, and will be produced towards the end of the present month, the part of Alice Ford, the heroine, being sustained by Miss Marriott.—*Orchestra.*——Baroness Antonia Von Arneth, fifty-five years ago, as Toni Adamberga, a celebrated Vienna actress, and the *fiancée* of Theodor Körner, died at Vienna this Christmas, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. Körner adored her; and her name will not be forgotten in Germany as long as the memory of her lover, the bard of "The Lyre and the Sword," is cherished there.——Miss Edith Hérard is announced to read Milton's "Samson Agonistes" on Tuesday, the 4th of February, at Myddelton Hall, when the Rev. Mr. Allon will preside.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS at present consists of—1 Prince, 2 Royal dukes, 3 archbishops, 26 dukes, 33 marquises, 160 earls, 33 viscounts, 27 bishops and 164 barons;—The total number of Peers being 449. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland. The following clergymen have also seats in the House of Lords as lay peers:—The Rev. A. E. Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire; the Rev. William George Howard, Earl of Carlisle; the Very Rev. William John Broderick, Viscount Midleton; the Rev. William Nevil, Earl of Abergavenny; the Ven. Frederick Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, D.C.L., Lord Saye and Sele; the Rev. Alfred Nathaniel H. Curzon, Lord Scarsdale. The heir-presumptive to the title of Lord Arundell and Wardour, is his brother, the Rev. Everard Aloysius Gonzaga, a Jesuit priest. There are 107 peers of Scotland and Ireland who are not peers of Parliament; there are 224 members of the Privy Council; and the archbishops, bishops, colonial bishops, bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and retired bishops, number 99. There are 865 baronets, 474 civil and military knights, 137 noblemen and baronets who are Knights of the various Orders, 130 Knights of the Order of the Star of India, 751 Knights Companions of the Order of the Bath, 3 field marshals, 578 general officers in the army, 312 generals in Her Majesty's Indian army, 329 admirals in the navy, 56 judges in the United Kingdom and Ireland, 174 Queen's Counsel and Serjeants-at-Law in England, and 93 in Ireland.

DEATH OF A WONDERFUL WOMAN.—An old woman, named Morley, has just died at Claydon, Suffolk, at the astonishing age of 106 years. She was a widow for sixty years; indeed, it is stated that she assisted at the births of half the inhabitants of Claydon. She was in the habit of referring to her younger son, who is seventy-two years of age, and who is still residing at Claydon, as "her boy, William." This wonderful old woman retained her faculties up to the close of last year, and in the course of last summer she recited some short scraps of poetry which she had learned by rote when only twelve or thirteen years of age.

THE chief constable of Manchester announces that a sufficient sum has been collected to afford a comfortable provision for life for the widow of Sergeant Brett, murdered by the Fenians at Manchester.

The Court.

THE QUEEN and their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Prince Arthur drove out on Tuesday afternoon, last week, attended by Colonel Ponsonby upon horseback; and Her Majesty drove in the grounds on the Wednesday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise. Prince Authur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice walked out.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster arrived at Osborne on the Wednesday morning. At one o'clock the Bishop of Lichfield was introduced to the presence of the Queen by Sir Stafford Northcote, when his lordship did homage to Her Majesty as Bishop of Lichfield. Their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Prince Arthur were present with Her Majesty during the ceremony.

The Queen and Princess Louise drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. Prince Arthur accompanied Her Majesty upon horseback, and Colonel Ponsonby rode in attendance.

The Queen went out in the grounds on Thursday morning, accompanied by Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice also went out.

In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, drove in the grounds; and Prince Arthur walked out, attended by Major Elphinstone.

Lieut.-General the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Grey had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Hon. Mary Lascelles succeeded, as Maid of Honour in Waiting, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, who remained on a visit.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, drove out on Friday afternoon, and Her Majesty drove in the grounds on Saturday morning, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. The Queen also drove in the grounds in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Lady Susan Melville and Mr. G. D. Eagleheart, arrived at Osborne from Savernake Forest.

Her Majesty the Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine service on Sunday morning at Osborne. The Rev. R. Duckworth officiated. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were attendance.

The Queen accompanied by Princess Louise, walked in the grounds on Monday morning. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice also went out.

The Queen drove out on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Henriette of Schleswig-Holstein; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Princess Christian. The other members of the Royal Family also went out.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

HER Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has forwarded a cheque for £25 to the Mayor of Great Yarmouth, to be applied to the fund now being raised on behalf of the sufferers from the recent gales on the eastern coast, with whom her Royal Highness desires to express her sincere sympathy.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with Major Teesdale and the guests staying at the House, went out shooting on Thursday and Friday, last week, taking the Commodore, the Home, and the Wolferton woods for the second time this season.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Teesdale, went to the meet of the West Norfolk fox-hounds at Wolfton on Saturday. The Princess was not present, the weather being wet and uncomfortable.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Sir W. Knollys, Major Teesdale, Mr. H. Fisher, Mr. Holzman, and the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, proceeded on Sunday morning to the church of St. Mary Magdalene, where Divine service was conducted, and the sermon preached by the Rev. W. Lake Onslow, M.A., rector of Sandringham, and chaplain in ordinary to the Prince of Wales.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales continues to drive out daily in her small pony carriage through the gardens and grounds in the neighbourhood.

No authority whatever has been given for the announcement that the Queen would visit Sandringham in April. It is only correct to the extent that Her Majesty has for the last four years been desirous of paying a visit to the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, but no time has ever been fixed for it.

The Princess of Wales was present on Monday afternoon at the annual distribution of prizes to the children of the Sandringham school. The distribution took place in the new schoolroom which has been built near Park House.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Teesdale, left Sandringham House on Monday afternoon shortly after four o'clock, to pay a visit to General Hall at Six-Mile-Bottom. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales drove out.

The Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and Princess Louise, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Sir William Knollys, and Mr. H. Fisher, remains at Sandringham.

A FOREIGN VIEW OF THE QUEEN'S BOOK.—*Le Nord* thus describes the Queen's Book:—"'The Diary of the Queen of England'—a record of sorrows and souvenirs written in memory of Prince Albert and of the domestic happiness of the Queen—has been just published in London. Nothing is at once more honourable and more sad than this uncoloured history of a life absorbed by conjugal affection and undivided family solicitude. It is the record of a woman, not of a Queen. The Queen is inexhaustible in her admiration of the Prince Consort, and when she quotes the words or the acts of this Royal model, we are quite surprised to find them of the ordinary and common type. The fact is they were transfigured by the Queen's love. A tone of extreme simplicity and naturalness pervades these familiar utterances. The Queen's children are everywhere called by the infantine abbreviation of their names—the Prince of Wales 'Bertie,' Prince Alfred 'Affie.' Occasionally a charitable visit, a walk resulting in some kind act, lights up the record of this life of private affection and of real religion."

The marine residence of Her Majesty is still strictly guarded by the two detatchments of Foot Guards sent down from London a few weeks since, while the ships Irresistible and Warrior, and the gunboat Fancy, remain in Cowes Roads.

Mr. Theodore Martin met with an accident at Osborne, severely spraining his ancle and otherwise injuring himself. The Queen immediately telegraphed for Mrs. Martin, (Miss Helen Faucit) who became a guest at the Royal marine residence.

The Fashionable World.

THE Duke of Marlborough has arrived in St. James's-square, from Blenheim. The Duchess, accompanied by Lord Randolph and Lady Cornelia Churchill, has arrived at Blenheim from visiting the Earl and Countess Vane at Wynyard Park, near Stockton-on-Tees.

The Earl and Countess Stanhope and Lady Mary Stanhope have arrived in town from Chevening Park, Sevenoaks, Kent.

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon have left Highclere Castle, near Newbury, for Paris, on their way to the South of France, where, we understand, the Earl and Countess purpose to stay for some weeks.

Viscount and Lady Mary Sandon left Southampton on Monday for Egypt, and, after visiting the Pyramids, and historical parts of that country, the noble lord and lady intend to visit the Holy Land.

Lady Victoria Lambton gave birth to a son on Monday morning, and her ladyship and infant are going on favourably.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert have been entertaining a large shooting party at their beautiful seat, Muckross Abbey, Killarney. Amongst their numerous guests and relatives may be mentioned Lord and Lady Keane, the Hon. Mrs. White Hedges and the Misses White, Miss Herbert and Miss Blanche Herbert, the Marquis of Bowmont, the Hon. Richard Dawson, Captain Fortescue, Captain Hathorne (Coldstream Guards), &c.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose have arrived at their residence in Belgrave-square, from Buchanan House, N.B.

The Duke of Leinster has arrived in town from visiting Mr. Repton, M.P., and Lady Jane Repton, at their seat in Bedfordshire.

We have to record the death of the Hon. Daniel Finch, son of Heneage, 4th Earl of Aylesford, by Lady Louisa Thynne, eldest daughter of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath. The hon. gentleman, who was born 23rd Feb. 1789, died on Friday last.

Mrs. Albert Goldsmid has left the Clarendon Hotel for Brighton.

The *Gazette des Etrangers* states that the Duchess de Morny has embraced the Catholic religion.

The statement made some time since in a Vienna letter (says the *Nord*), of the probability of a marriage between the Prince of Orange and the eldest daughter of the King of Hanover appears to be confirmed.

The marriage of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg with the Princess of Leuchtenburg will take place on Feb. 24.

We find the following details in the *Union*:—"We have already mentioned the marriage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany with the Princess Alice of Parma, at Frohsdorff. The witnesses of the Princess were the Infante Don Carlos, and Duke Robert of Parma; those of the Grand Duke, his two brothers, the Archdukes Charles and Louis. There were present the Count and Countess de Chambord, the Grand Duchess Antoinette of Tuscany, the Infanta Marguerita, the Archduchess Maria, wife of the Archduke Charles of Tuscany and sister of the King of Naples, the youthful Comte de Bardi, brother of the Duke of Parma, and the Archduke John of Tuscany. The Grand Duke Leopold, father of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, and the Duchess de Berry were detained at their residences in Bohemia and Styria by the state of their health and the severity of the weather, and were consequently unable to be present at the marriage."

The Marquis of Westminster has within the last few days given £2,000 to the funds of the Denbighshire Infirmary. Not long ago his lordship gave £500 to the same charity.

We have to announce the death of Lord Ventry, which occurred on Monday at his residence in Ireland. The deceased nobleman, Thomas Townsend Aremberg de Moleyns, was the only son of the Hon. Townsend Mullins (second son of the first lord, by his marriage with the eldest daughter of Mr. Solomon Dayrolles, of Henley Park. He was born in 1786, and married, in 1821, the second daughter of Sir John Blake, Bart. He succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his uncle in 1827. He assumed the ancient name of the family, "De Moleyns," in lieu of his patronymic Mullins. He is succeeded in the family honours and estates by his son, the Hon. D. Blakeney de Moleyns, born in 1828, and married, in 1860, to the eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Wauchope, of Niddrie Marischal.

Rear-Admiral William N. Fowell died at Taunton on Friday last week.

Fashionable Events, &c.

THE Vienna *Gazette* has published an Imperial letter to Admiral Tegethof, expressing the thanks of the Emperor and the Imperial family for his able execution of so difficult a mission as the recovery of the Emperor Maximilian's remains from Mexico, and conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Leopold Order as a mark of appreciation and esteem.

The body of the Emperor Maximilian was brought on shore at Trieste, from the Novara, on the morning of the 16th. The weather was very fine. The line of route along which the procession was to pass began to be decorated with mourning banners as early as 7.30. The ships in harbour had hoisted their colours half-mast high. Dense crowds filled the streets. The ceremony began at ten o'clock with the performance of a funeral service, after which the procession started from the Molo San Carlo for the railway station. Major-General the Duke of Wurtemberg headed the escort of troops, followed by the municipal authorities, the clergy, the funeral car decorated with wreaths and flowers, the Archdukes, Admiral Tegethoff, the representatives of foreign Powers, the generals and other military officers, and the consuls. The members of the civic guilds, sailors and troops closed the procession. All the shops in the city were shut, and extreme sympathy was displayed by the inhabitants. The funeral obsequies were celebrated on the afternoon of the 18th at Vienna. The remains were deposited in the Imperial crypt in the Capuchin Church. Immense crowds of people filled the streets, and testified their sympathy with the deceased Sovereign.

THE QUEEN AND THE LEEDS EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART.—All who are interested in the success of this exhibition (says the *Yorkshire Post*) will feel much pleasure in learning that Sir John Cowell has communicated to Mr. W. Beckett Denison, the chairman of the executive committee, the Queen's permission to Mr. J. B. Waring, chief commissioner of the exhibition, to make selections of pictures and other works of art, which Her Majesty is willing to lend, from the collections in Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court Palace. Contributions of pictures are also promised from some of the richest collections in England.

His Serene Highness Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein has been travelling through the Mysore territories, visiting all

places of archæological interest, and is now on his way to the ceded districts. The natives seem greatly surprised that a Prince, the cousin of our Queen, should be travelling about with only "four servants and a galloway."

The Duke and Duchess d'Aosta arrived at Naples on the 18th and met with a splendid reception. More than 200 private carriages followed the Royal equipage from the railway station. The streets were thronged with people, and the houses were decorated with the national colours. In the evening Naples was illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks.

A marriage has been arranged between the Earl Beauchamp and Lady Mary Stanhope, daughter of the Earl and Countess Stanhope.

The Earl Fortescue is about to contract a marriage with Lady Drummond, relict of Sir James Williams Drummond, Bart.

Sir Charles Hayes Miller, Bart., has just died at his family mansion, Froyle Place, Alton, Hants. He was born in 1829, and succeeded his father, as sixth baronet, in 1864.

PRINCE ALBERT'S MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.—The first portion of the series of inlaid marble tableaux and medallions for the decoration of the interior walls of the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor Castle has just been completed by Baron Triqueli and Miss Durant. These beautiful works of art, six in number, cover a square of about 633 square feet upon the surface of the walls, the larger panels, with their ornamental border, being each 11 feet 2 inches in length, and 9 feet 6 inches high. The style of mural decoration is termed marble inlay work, and the specimens have been selected and contributed by the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family. Thirty-two descriptions of English and foreign coloured marbles have been used in the composition of the tableaux, the principal of them being Sicilian, Devonshire red, Irish green, Egyptian green, statuary Brescian violet, Carcasson porphyry, Derbyshire spar, and many other stones. Baron Tuqueti will now return to France to complete the rest of the tableaux. Altogether there will be 15 panels. The delicate task of fixing these valuable pictures on the walls of the chapel is entrusted to Messrs. Poole cathedral masons, of Westminster.

A VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM.—A correspondent describes his impression of a visit to the well-known estate of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and many of the particulars given are new to the general reader. Sandringham is situate about seven and a half miles north-east of Lynn, and within two miles of Wolferton Railway Station—the general country, as viewed from the railway, being of a somewhat monotonous description. On leaving Wolferton Station, a line of telegraph posts will be observed on the public road to the right of the station, and which lead to within little more than a quarter of a mile of the Royal park, when the wire is conveyed down the post and under ground to the hall, thereby affording means for rapid communication to and from all parts of the world. Wolferton Station appears to be about some two or three miles from the sea coast, and from the railway to the hall there is a slight and continued ascent, the road running through a large tract of heather, with a wild and romantic charm about it indicative of the presence of game. On approaching the park the road on the right is bounded with a wall, and on the left by a wood, belted with fresh-coloured fir trees. Before reaching the hall the little rural church attracts the attention of the stranger, as its royal banner proudly flutters in the breeze from the centre and top of the time-honoured tower, the flying of which proclaims to the surrounding country that England's Prince is at home. The visitor who would expect to see a stately mansion would certainly be much disappointed with the hall, as it must be classed with the ancient style of residences known as the old English manor-house—a style in which more attention was evidently paid to the length of passages, low ceilings, and small windows, the convenience of ground floor accommodation being considered preferable to the climbing involved in our modern mansions.

Interesting Items.

MRS. WOODGATE, the wife of a Norwich policeman, has been delivered of three female children. Each child was well and fully formed, but only lived for twenty-four hours. An application has been made to the Queen for the bounty usually granted in such cases.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the well-known representative of Rip Van Winkle, was married on the 20th December, at Chicago, to Miss Mary A. Warren, the daughter of the late treasurer of McVickers's Theatre, and niece of the Mayor of Chicago, John B. Rice.

IN the Russian village of Kasan a new theatre has been erected, and the Governor of the department has issued an order, according to which the manager is bound to give, at least once a week, a representation to which "mothers may not be ashamed to take their daughters.

A MAN has been arrested at Glasgow named Barratt, and the police are said to be confident that he can be identified as the man who fired the barrel at Clerkenwell. On Saturday evening another capture of a Fenian leader, Clancy, who has long been "wanted," was made in Bedford-square, Bloomsbury. He was recognized, followed, and watched by two detectives, who, at what they thought the proper time, closed with him, told him who they were, and demanded his surrender. In an instant, however, Clancy fired twice, without effect, from a revolver, and tried to fire again, but failing, ran off, and was almost immediately caught and overpowered.

THE Female College at Bordentown, N.J., has a "department of washing." Mrs. Higgins being in the chair, a resolution was passed *nem. con.*, that no other Starch should be used, but the Glenfield, on account of its being the only kind used in the Royal Laundry of England.—*New York Journal.*

WE hear photographers are to have a new illustrated journal of a much higher character than their class journals have hitherto laid claim to. Its title will be *The Illustrated Photographer*, and many of its features are to be of a strikingly novel and attractive kind. G. Dawson, sen., B.A., lecturer on Photography at King's College; A. H. Wall, late editor of the *Art Student*; Thomas Sutton, B.A., and the entire staff of *The Photographic Notes*, which will be absorbed into the new journal, with Major Russell, and other gentlemen well known in the photographic, scientific, and artistic worlds, are to contribute to its pages regularly. The engravings are to be of a first-class character, and, strange to say, in these days of never-used-up stereos—original.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL gave one of their elegant and thoroughly amusing entertainments at the Assembly Rooms of the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, last week. It was fully and fashionable attended. Mr. Howard Paul was much applauded in "Faust in Five Minutes," and Mrs. Howard Paul, as the "Unprotected Female," caused shouts of laughter by her comic acting. These artists are very finished in their impersonations and vocal performances.

A TERRIBLE murder is reported from Birmingham. On Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, Mrs. Mary Milbourn, a middle-aged widow, residing at 241, Heneage-street, was found murdered in her house at the top of the cellar steps. It is believed she had been strangled by three men, who were seen to come from the direction of the house. Their object is supposed to have been "money," as the murdered woman had upwards of £600 in the bank, which was deposited only a few months since. As it was, the murderers carried off a few trifling articles only.

By the return of the three members of the Livingstone search expedition the hopes of the friends of Dr. Livingstone, and indeed of the civilised world at large, are still further buoyed up that this great African traveller is yet on his way to Europe to recount the adventures and discoveries of this his greatest journey. The expeditionists state that in their belief they have very successfully carried out the object of their mission by proving the story of the murder of Dr. Livingstone, as related by the Johanna men, to be a complete fabrication, grounded only on the cowardice of these men in deserting Dr. Livingstone from fear of the Mavito.

A FEW mornings ago the new East London Theatre, in the Whitechapel-road, presented a somewhat novel but interesting spectacle. Upon the invitation of a few friends upwards of 1,500 persons, chiefly poor women of the district, sat down to breakfast in the pit, boxes, and gallery of the theatre. They were admitted by ticket, and by ten o'clock were, from their famished appearance, only too ready for the plain fare which had been provided for them. The breakfast consisted of famous slices of bread and butter and tea, and several ladies and gentlemen were present to assist as waiters. The behaviour of the poor guests was very orderly, and the breakfast passed off with less confusion than generally attends "tea meetings" of a more pretentious character. Amongst the speakers were Mr. Lean, a member of the Society of Friends, also two lady preachers belonging to the same society.

MRS. THORNYCROFT has presented a marble bust of the Princess Christian to the corporation of Liverpool.

FOR a story to be contained in some twenty pages considerably smaller than those of any English magazine, Messrs. Ticknor and Field, of Boston, have paid Mr. Dickens £1,000, with the right of re-publication in England. And for a story to be contained in less than thirty pages, not closely printed, in a magazine of smaller dimensions than the *Cornhill* or *St. Paul's*, the American publishers have also paid Mr. Dickens £1,000, with the right of re-publication in England.

AN AGED FEMALE VETERAN.—An aged widow named Elizabeth Francis, applied to the Canterbury board of guardians recently for relief. The relieving officer stated applicant was 102 years of age, had been married twice to soldiers, and had accompanied one of them throughout the Peninsular campaign. She was in possession of the whole of her faculties, and when he (the officer) saw her she was engaged in scrubbing her humble dwelling. The guardians granted the old lady 4s. per week.

THE Melbourne papers record the retirement of Madame Celeste from the Melbourne stage, which event took place at the Haymarket Theatre on the 16th November. The house was a most brilliant one, and the leading members of the Theatre Royal company gracefully offered their services.

AT Rome the opera is very ill attended, and the *impresario* being unable to pay his artistes on quarter day, threatened to shut the theatre unless the municipality advanced him 20,000 lire. The subscriptions have been 25,000 lire less than usual this year.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of John Ames, Esq., of Clevelands, near Lyme Regis, Devon, was proved in London on the 10th inst., by his brother, George Henry Ames, Esq., and his three nephews, Richard Llewellin, Lionel Ames, and Henry Metcalf Ames, Esqrs. The personal property was sworn under £500,000. The will is dated Nov. 26, 1852, and there are two codicils, dated May, 9, 1859, and May 30, 1864, and he died Nov. 16 last, aged eighty-three. He has made liberal bequests to his nephews, and has divided the residue of his property into fifty parts amongst his nephews and nieces. He leaves a sum of £4,000, the interest to be laid out annually in repairing the boundary wall and keeping in order the plantation, woods, and paths upon his estate called Pinney. He leaves the furniture and effects belonging to his mansion Clevelands to the person in the enjoyment of the Cleveland estate. He leaves annuities and legacies to his servants and labourers according to their length of service. The following are the charitable bequests:—To the Bristol Royal Infirmary and Bristol General Hospital each £1,000; the Asylum for the Blind at Bristol, the Blind Asylum and Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Exeter, the Devon and Exeter Hospital, and the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, each £500.

The will of William Lloyd Wharton, Esq., of Dryburn, Durham, was proved in London under £50,000 personalty, by his nephew, John Lloyd Wharton Esq., the sole executor. The testator was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and a magistrate for the county of Durham, and was High Sheriff for that county in 1836. His will is dated Feb. 11, 1867, and he died Nov. 15, at the age of seventy-eight. He leaves to his brother, John Thomas Wharton, and his nephew John Lloyd Wharton all his real and personal estate, subject to the payment of an annuity of £2,000 to his wife, she being allowed to retain and enjoy possession of his mansion and grounds at Dryburn; and he gives her the power of disposing by will of certain securities standing in their joint names, being derived from her father and mother. There are several legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. To his nephew Richard he leaves his interest in the Shadwell and Lloyd estate, of which he was also part owner. To his nephew William J. Lloyd Wharton he leaves his interest in the Great Eastern. He has left legacies to his servants, and directs that ten shillings be given to each of one hundred poor families of the parishes of St. Margaret and St. Cuthbert, to be selected by the two Incumbents.

The will of Thomas Quartermaine, of the Crown and Sceptre Tavern, Greenwich, was proved under £50,000 personalty.

The late Charles Alexander, merchant, of Gibraltar, who died Oct. 9 last, has left personalty in England sworn under £14,000, and has bequeathed to the Protestant Orphan Asylum and the British Poor Fund of Gibralter 250 dols.; Gibraltar Poor Fund, 100 hard dollars; Protestant Division of Civil Hospital, Gibraltar, 200 hard dollars; and the Gibraltar Infant School, 100 hard dollars.

"I SUFFERED very much from a pain in my side for twelve months. I tried a great many remedies, but got no relief until I used the Pain Killer, when I soon began to recover, and am now quite well.—Yours, ANN MURPHY. To Perry Davis and Son, 17, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C." None genuine without their trade mark, PAIN KILLER, on the Government stamp. Sold everywhere.

Theatres and Amusements.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.
DRURY LANE.—Honeydove's Troubles—Faw! Fee! Fo! Fum. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—The Broken-hearted Club—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per-Version of the Brigand. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Hen and Chickens—Used Up—If I had a Thousand a Year—Betty Martin. Seven.
STRAND.—Old Salt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Our Domestics. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—Box and Cox.
HOLBORN.—Flying Scud—Valentine and Orson. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—The Young Widow—The Needful—Is He Jealous? Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.
ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandists—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—All that Glitters is not Gold—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.—Scenes in the Circus and Ballet. Eight.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; twenty-seven performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Mimic and Ventriloquial Entertainment. Every evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday, Three.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Bubini's Magic Seances. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday, Three.
AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.—Equestrian Spectacle and Horse Riding. Afternoons, Two; Evenings, Half-past Seven.
ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry's Musical and Characteristic Entertainment. Eight.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.
FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—Fifteenth Exhibition of Paintings. Half-past Nine till Four. Admission 1s.
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Monday, Tuesday, Saturday (free), 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday (6d.), 10 till 5.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

JAN. 26. SUNDAY.—*Third Sunday after Epiphany.*
" 27. Monday.—Audubon died, 1851.
" 28. Tuesday.—Dr. Baily killed, 1861.
" 29. Wednesday.—Napoleon and Eugenie married, 1853.
" 30. Thursday.—Charles I. beheaded, 1649.
" 31. Friday.—Hilary Law Term ends.
FEB. 1. Saturday.—Partridge and Pheasant shooting ends.

Our Letter Basket.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are happy to announce to our readers that we shall commence in our next number the interesting and instructive series of papers for Ladies on Drawing and Painting that we promised some weeks ago, but that have unavoidably been kept back by pressure of other matter.

THE "Tales and Sketches of Our Neighbourhood and Neighbours," by Mrs. Eiloart, will also be shortly resumed.

WE intend also, at the suggestion of many subscribers, to open an "Exchange Column," which shall be a medium of exchange between the readers of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER for fancy articles, books, music, &c. The working of this department will be fully explained in a preliminary article.

MRS. WEST (North Bow).—We have given several excellent receipts for cakes suitable for holiday parties in another column. A Venice cake is rather a delicate thing for home making; still, there is no good reason why you should not attempt it. Take a Savoy cake and cut it in slices, half or three-quarters of an inch thick, in a parallel direction from the bottom to the top; spread over each slice raspberry or apricot jam, or some of each alternately, or any other sort of preserve. Replace each piece in its original form; when completed, make an icing as used for cakes, with four whites of eggs to a pound of sugar, which will make it rather thin. It may be coloured with cochineal, &c.; spread it over the cake, and, being thin, it will run into the flutes and mouldings of the cake, which will appear of the same form as before. Let it dry in the mouth of the oven, but be careful it does not get discoloured. When it is dry, ornament it with piping. These directions will probably prove sufficiently explicit; but if you would like further instructions on the subject, you can readily obtain them by referring to our back numbers, as we have referred more than once to Venice and Savoy cakes.

CONSTANT READER (Stockwell).—You may obtain just the information you now seek from your back numbers. You would find it a good plan, if you do not intend to bind your numbers, to cut out the chapters on Family Medicine, and gum them consecutively in a book, for facility of reference. This has been done, to our knowledge, by many of our readers, with advantage. The numbers for last year, if bound, would, we venture to think, make you an excellent book for the drawing-room table.

RUTH.—Scarcely finished enough for our columns. Try your hand at prose.

A. M. E.—The verses you send us, from the "pen of your young friend," are not bad, if written by a very young person; but they are not finished enough to meet the critical eye of the public in print, however encouraging they may be to personal friends.

L. A.—We will endeavour to procure the pattern for you.

ADA H.—It is probable we may shortly give what you desire, but you must bear in mind we have a variety of tastes to study.

L. R. L. will see that we meet her wishes in the present number. The "Letters from a Town Cousin" are to be continued. They were only omitted for a week or two, while we were seeking to improve the general arrangement of the paper.

MEMO.—We accidentally omitted to mention in a recent number that our portrait of Lady Herbert of Lea was copied from a photograph courteously supplied to us by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 64, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, W.

CLIO.—Many thanks for your suggestions and promise to exert yourself to extend the influence of the paper. We shall be happy to send specimen copies gratis to any ladies likely to become subscribers whose names you may forward to us.

E. E.—You will find the information you require in any good encyclopædia. We know of no cheap treatise on the subject.

AUGUSTA.—Not for the last year's numbers, as they were paged irregularly; but both index and title-page will be published for our New Series.

A READER OF THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.—Consult a doctor. It would be dangerous to trifle with these symptoms. They are caused immediately by indigestion, but accompanied by the falling off of the hair, are probably the result of debility, and want of tone in the system.

LILY (Brixton).—It is impossible for us to judge of the merits of the tale from the mere knowledge of its title. You should forward the MS. to us, with stamps to cover postage, if you wish it returned in case of rejection.

COMMUNICATIONS from the following are declined with thanks:—Mabel (Aberdeen); L. J. (Forest-gate); A Young Mother (we have already done full justice to the subject); J. J.; and T. Gifford (Shrewsbury).

Correspondence.

(To the Editor of The Lady's Own Paper.)

The Lodge, Hambledon, Hants.

Sir,—Having been asked to put a question in a popular journal respecting the origin of Chess—chess played by four persons—I write to The Lady's Own, and shall be much obliged by any information your readers can afford me on the point. The friends who requested me to inquire, tell me the game so played was a great favourite with the Prince Consort; and they first saw it played at Cambridge, where the Prince of Wales introduced it.

I find that a Hindu game exceedingly like modern chess was played by four persons some five thousand years ago, and called in the Sanscrit *chaturunga*, from *chatur*, four.

Helen E. Watney.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

A little four-year-old having heard her father call her younger brother "a little shaver," and desiring afterwards to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "Oh, you little barber's shop!"

As It Should Be.—A bachelor sea captain, who was remarking that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

A short time since a surgeon was called as a witness for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, "We always find it necessary to do something when sent for."

Miss Rye, in a letter to the *Times*, tells the following:—"A girl called at this office (Emigration Office for Females, Adelphi) for information about the colonies. Seeing she had many misgivings about life in Australia, I asked what she considered the special drawback to living in Victoria, to which question I received the ensuing answer—'Oh' (with a long sigh) 'I do hear out there they does perch upon the trees!'"

An instance of the ruling passion strong in death is thus related of old Cook, who was known as a miser, and had amassed a large fortune. On his death-bed, when his end was approaching, a tallow candle was burning upon a stand, a flickering flame in the fireplace. Suddenly he called to his son, saying, "Woodbury, come here." The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered, "Woodbury, blow out that candle; tallow's almost as dear as butter."

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I have no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend!" cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

Romeo in a New Character.—Mr. W. S. Williams, the keeper of an extraordinary elephant known by the name of Romeo, has just succumbed as a victim to its ferocity. The following account of the former exploits of the dangerous animal is interesting:—"Romeo" was christened "Canada," from the fact that he landed first in the province, and as such was known in Delavan, Wisconsin, U.S., where he was an object of terror. He was apparently aware of his immense power and supreme strength. Bolts, bars, and chains were no hindrance to him. Corn fields, orchards, truck patches, and choice gardens were sacrificed to his voracity or his destructive disposition. He gradually grew to be a despot, feared by all, even those who had been specially engaged to handle him. In one of his paroxysms of rage he killed a number of horses, and did other injuries, creating such general consternation that the town authorities, at the instance of the citizens, ordered out the local militia to destroy him. Mr. J. Mable, wishing to preserve him (having cost an immense amount of money), persuaded them to desist, and sent for Mr. W. H. Williams, who, after three days of labour, succeeded in weaving a chain-work around him. As long as Mr. Williams remained with him Romeo was apparently docile, although he would never permit anyone else to approach him. Mr. Williams, shortly after this event, retired to his farm in Canada. Romeo was coaxed and driven to Philadelphia in the fall of 1865, where he was placed under the care of a new but inexperienced elephant manager. He was not long, however, in making a lively demonstration. He seceded from his keeper, battered down the walls of the building wherein he was confined, and escaped into the crowded thoroughfares of the city, causing a general panic. He rushed to the outskirts of the city and ensconced himself in a grove, where no one had the foolhardiness or the courage to approach him. People were afraid to walk the streets, and cannons were placed so as to rake him fore and aft. In the dilemma Mr. Williams was again summoned; but before he arrived "Romeo" was shot by an expert marksman, and deprived of the sight of his left eye. The wound made him furious, the crowd ran from the scene, and the mad elephant was left master of the situation. Mr. Williams with caution approached his place of ambush; the monster knew his voice and permitted him to come up, and with gentle, though firm treatment, he mollified him and finally succeeded in getting him to his quarters. Mr. Williams, up to the time of his death, had entire control over him.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow.*

At the Grave.—People have gone, with all sorts of feelings, to burials and burial-grounds. Grief and greed have perhaps stood together spelling out a tombstone inscription. Love has taken its last look at the last home of the loved, and hate has smiled that its enemy was harmless, or scowled that it could strike him no more. The heir has looked not ungratefully at the name of one who has yielded him the world's good things, the orphans have gazed piteously at the stone that hid him who had been their only protection. Faith has thrown her calm gaze upon the grave, and then raised her eyes from what was for her but the portal, doubt has come with a sad silence, and unbelief with a sullen smile at the tomb that means the end of all.—*Shirley Brooks.*

The Humourist.

When is a literary work like smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant?—The roof of the mouth.

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister entered and said, "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawin' meetin'-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

'Cute Ohio lawyer to plain countrywoman, a witness: "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," replied the lady. 'Cute lawyer whistled and let her go.

A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire-engine.

Things Not Sold by a Hairdresser.—Morticed locks; heirs under age; oysters' beards; coxcombs; a brush with an one my: curling stones; and black bal(le)d people.

"Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger who entered it. "I beg pardon," said the intruder, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady whom he hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "Nature has saved me the trouble."

Suitable Trees.—For busy-bodies, medlars; for the melancholy, pine; for the dying, o-live; for an intruder, man-go; for peppery people, chili; for muddy streets, broom; for the ears of rascals, box; for the editor of a newspaper, hoax.

When Sir Thomas Parkes was pleading against Dr. Sachevorell, the doctor said to him, "I shall pray God to forgive you." "And while your hand is in," said Sir Thomas, "Remember yourself, good doctor."

A wag some time ago advertised a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious of mechanics to see it. Many persons attended, and in the ardour of expectation they were shown a wheelbarrow.

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

THE COW.

Oh, the cow, the beautiful cow!
Nibbling the hay from the fragrant mow:
Into the thistle and clover so fresh
Poking your nose with a sweet relish?
Munching,
Munching,
All in a mash:
Beautiful cow, you will one day be hash!

Oh, the cow, the playful cow!
Meeting the pail with a playful bow,
Giving it generally all of your milk;
Winking and clinking your lashes of silk
As it streams
And splashes
With frolicsome dash:
A failure to give it soon settles your hash.

PAPER.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.
The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.
Papers illustrated with cuts—editorial exchanges.
Drawing paper—dentist's bills.
A paper that takes—a sheriff's warrant.
Ruled paper—the French press.

A COUPLET FOR YOUNG LADIES.

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is"—to go to bed early, and never wear stays!

MORE NEW NOVELS.

Never Flirt: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Hever Court.*

Goeth down like an Oyster: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower.*

Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money.*

He who Breaks, Pays: a domestic novel, written by the author of *Other People's Windows.*

Less than a Lucifer: a sensation novel, written as a Sequel to *More than a Match.*

Editorial Troubles.—The damsel who used to sign herself "a school-girl," and who wrote to head-quarters whenever she could detect a printer's error, and obligingly pointed out mistakes when they were past rectification, has not lately been heard of. The editor returns thanks for her former suggestions, and hopes, for her husband's sake, if not for her own, that she has settled down into an un-literary and un-censorious British matron. A would-be contributor is obliged for the pains taken with his MS., but sneeringly thinks it just as well to add that, "being unable to get at the rule by which judgment is made, he shall not subject himself further to the disagreeables of refusals." Another author complains that the printed punctuation of some verses of his, inserted in a late number, "seems to have been studied with the intention of stultifying the whole thing, and making the idea unintelligible." An artist begs to forward some original sketches, and states that he is willing to accept any employment that may be offered; though, as he adds rather damagingly, he has not much experience in the sort of work he wants, is a tyro at figure-drawing, and he has never drawn on the wood. A photographer would be obliged if the editor could assist him in procuring sittings from literary celebrities among his contributors, as the dull autumn and winter weather is approaching, and before the end of another month he requires at least two hundred good subjects. A lady presents her compliments, and regretting that her former note was illegible, writes another (nearly as difficult to read), with the hope that it may pass muster. Some young hopefuls offer their services merely because they have a very small income and plenty of time at their disposal. An astute experimentalist hopes that, if his papers are rejected, the editor will not disfigure their margin with the term "not suited," as it might prejudice his chances of acceptance in another quarter. A pert miss is "surprised that her story was declined, and, at the recommendation of her friends, returns it, believing that it is not worse than a tale which appeared a month or two ago," and seems to infer that, if the editor had been taken in once, he is pledged to the acceptance of rubbish by the cartload. A clergyman would be glad to be informed whether certain MSS., which he names, have ever come to hand, and throws out vague suggestions of compensation and lawyers.—"Author and Editor" in *Once a Week.*

Lines for the Thoughtful.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endowed
With depth of understanding, height of knowledge.
—*Massinger.*

Rumour was the messenger
Of defamation, and so swift, that none
Could be the first to tell an evil tale.—*Pollok.*

Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have, long since, as good as renounced it.—*Carlyle.*

A scar nobly got is a good livery of honour.—*Shakespeare.*

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—*Whately.*

We should not sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering our own melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits which are at first simulated become at length real.—*Scott.*

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid.—*Sterling.*

He who seeks repentance for the past, should woo the angel Virtue for the future.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!—*Holmes.*

Still raise for good the supplicated voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.—*Johnson.*

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—*Antoninus.*

In this common-place world, every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one.—*Pope.*

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.—*Lavater.*

Breakfast.—Epps's Cocoa.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Invigorating and sustaining, with a refined and grateful flavour developed by the special mode of preparation applied, this Cocoa is used as their habitual beverage for breakfast by thousands who never before used Cocoa. "Cocoa stands very much higher than Coffee or Tea," Dr. Hassall says, "and contains every ingredient necessary to the growth and sustenance of the body." It is made simply by pouring boiling water or milk on the preparation as sold. ½lb., ¼lb., and 1lb. packets. This Cocoa, as being prepared by Jas. Epps & Co., the Homœopathic Chemists first established in this country, is very generally called Epps's Homœopathic Cocoa.—[Advt.]

Judd and Glass, Printers by Steam Power, will be happy to send, on application, Estimates and Specimens of Type. They have special facilities for the production of Jobbing Printing as well as Pamphlets, Books, and Newspapers.—Phœnix Printing Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons.—[Advt.]

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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 18, at 2, Retreat Villas, Richmond, Surrey, the wife of Albert Chancellor, of a son.

Jan. 14, at Crosby Lodge, Wandsworth-road, S., the wife of W. J. Glenny, Esq., of a son.

Jan. 18, the wife of Francis Cuthbertson, Esq., M.A., of 2, Roxbro'-villas, Phillip-lane, Tottenham, of a son.

Jan. 18, at Berry Pomeroy Vicarage, Devon, the wife of the Rev. A. J. Everett, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 12, at the British Consulate, Patras, by the Rev. James Oscar Bagdon, English chaplain in Zante, Frederic V. G. Bird, Esq., Royal Marine Light Infantry, second son of the Rev. Godfrey Bird, Rector of Great Wigborough, Essex, to Anne Narcisse Elise, eldest daughter of Thomas Wood, Esq., H.B.M.'s Vice-Consul, Patras.

Jan. 18, at St. Paul's, Newington, Surrey, by the Rev. John Going, M.A., incumbent, Arthur Rotch Hewlett, Esq., Consular Service, Chinan, son of Thomas Hewlett, Esq., Harrow-on-the-Hill, to Rose, fourth daughter of Richard Gullet Whitfield, Esq., of The Manor House, Newington, Surrey.

Jan. 18, at Hornsey Church, by the Rev. Canon Harvey, Edward, fifth son of William Milson, Moxon, Esq., late of Her Majesty's Inland Revenue, to Julia, youngest daughter of Fredk. Neville, Esq., of Noble-street, and Hornsey-rise.

DEATHS.

Jan. 19, at Elm House, Clapham-common, Ambrose Boyson, Esq., J.P., in his 63rd year.

Jan. 18, at 8, Eton-terrace, Edinburgh, Archibald Bennet, Esq., secretary of the Bank of Scotland, in the 55th year of his age.

Jan. 18, Margaret Cecilia Maria, the wife of William Bush Cooper, Esq., of Headstone House, Harrow, barrister-at-law, in her 48th year.

Jan. 18, at the Rectory, Plymtree, Devon, the Rev. Joseph Dornford, M.A., Oxon, aged 74.

Jan. 18, at 2, Highbury-place, Thomas Gole, Esq., of 49, Lime-street, solicitor, in the 63rd year of his age.

Jan. 17, at Sharnbrook Cottage, Bedford, Marianne, widow of Wm. M. Tuck, Esq., in the 40th year of her age.

Jan. 18, at Church-street, Stoke Newington, Mary de Jersey, relict of John Tupper, Esq., in the 84th year of her age.

Jan. 18, at Beckenham Lodge, Kent, Henrietta, widow of the Rev. Frederick Wathen, M.A.

[*.* *These announcements are inserted at the charge of* 2s. 6d.]

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FANCY DRESSES, SERGES, and LINSEYS,
Some Cheap Parcels of RICH BLACK & COLOURED SILKS, and SILK VELVETS.
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Several Thousand REMNANTS and ODD LOTS we shall clear out at NOMINAL PRICES.

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UNDERCLOTHING for LADIES & CHILDREN.—The largest lot, we think, ever offered by any retail house of made-up Dresses, Stays, Skirts, Petticoats, Mantles and Jackets, Underclothing, Children's Frocks and Dresses, Boys' Suits, some portion being slightly out of condition, and will be offered to our Customers at a Large Reduction in price.

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BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, for Children's Diet.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, for all the uses to which the best Arrowroot is applicable.

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BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, One Tablespoonful to 1 lb. of flour makes Light Pastry.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, Packets, 2d.

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BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, Tins, 1s.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, Tins, 7lb., at 8d. per lb.

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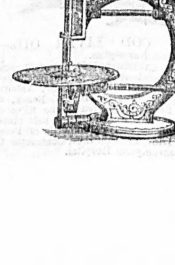
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THE "LITTLE WANZER"
Hand Lock-Stitch Shuttle Machine,
Price, £4 4s.,
AND THE
WANZER PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, £9,
At the CORINTHIAN BAZAAR, Regent Circus,
And 4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

These Machines are worked with the shuttle, and, therefore, have no complicated tensional arrangement as in all other Hand Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines. They are remarkably simple, and can be thoroughly understood without any personal instruction, and solely with the help of the Instruction Book.

THE JURORS' AWARD, BRITISH COURT, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.
1.—The Wanzer Sewing Machine Co. 2.—Thomas and Co.
3.—R. S. Simpson & Co. 4.—R. B. Turner. 5.—Newton Wilson & Co.

COOPER COOPER AND CO. beg to intimate that they are now SELLING TEA of this year's growth, 1867-8. This is the first picking (the May picking of the present year), and is unquestionably the finest tea the world produces.—50, King William-street, London-bridge, and 63, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C.

COOPER COOPER AND CO., 50, King William-street, London-bridge, and 63, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C., have determined to furnish a complete and satisfactory answer to the universal question, "Where can we get really good tea?" The recent reductions in the duty, coupled with an enormous increase in the imports, have made tea so cheap that the choice-t black tea the world produces can be sold to the public at a price which is so low as to render the sale of inferior qualities unnecessary. When the best black tea can be bought at three shillings a pound it does seem unwise to buy poor, washy, tasteless tea at a few pence a pound less money. Cooper Cooper and Co. have therefore resolved to avoid all second or third class teas, and to confine their business to high-class tea alone. It is well known that all high-class teas are those which are gathered in early spring, when the leaves are bursting with succulence; these are first crop teas, full-flavoured, rich and juicy; whereas low-priced teas are gathered, or rather raked from under the trees, in autumn, when the leaves are withered, dry, and sapless. The difference between first-crop tea and inferior description is something marvellous when tasted side by side—the one brisk, pungent, and juicy, the other stale, flat, and insipid. There is a great difference even in first-crop tea, some chops possessing much more strength and a finer flavour than others. There are also several varieties, the most esteemed being Souchong, Moning, and Kyshow Congous. These three classes, when really fine, are beyond compare he best of all teas; and of these three, Kyshow stands pre-eminent as a prince among teas. Now it must not for one moment be assumed that the teas ordinarily sold bearing those titles are these teas, pure and simple in their integrity. A small portion of some of them is sometimes used in the manufacture of that incongruous mixture which is so frequently recommended by the unskilled and inexperienced dealer; but we venture to assert that pure, unmixed tea can with difficulty be obtained even by those to whom price is no object. In fact, indiscriminate mixing of tea destroys those fine and subtle qualities which distinguish one growth from another, and it would not be more unwise to spoil vintages of choice wines by blending them together haphazard, and thus bringing the combination down to a dead level of mediocrity, than it is to mix all distinctness of character by a heterogeneous confusion of qualities in tea; but as Cooper Cooper and Co. sell no other article of any description, they are enabled to keep in stock every variety that is at all esteemed by connoisseurs, and to sell them in their integrity as imported from China.

Cooper Cooper and Co. claim for their system of business another feature—viz., that there can be no mistake in the price or quality of any teas bearing their name on the wrapper or parcel, as they pledge themselves to sell first-crop tea only at their warehouses.

There are eight classes of superior black tea, each of these Cooper Cooper and Co. will sell pure and unmixed at one uniform price of three shillings a pound, and there is no better black tea. There are five classes of superior green tea, each of these Cooper Cooper and Co. will sell pure and unmixed at one uniform price of four shillings a pound, and there is no better green tea.

LIST OF CHOICE TEAS—BLACK.

1. The finest Lapsang Souchong, 3s. a lb. This tea is exquisitely delicate in flavour, silky on the palate, and one of the finest teas ever imported into England.

2. The finest Moning Congou, 3s. a lb. This is ripe, lemon-melon flavoured tea, abounding in strength and quality.

3. The finest Kyshow Congou (the prince of teas), 3s. a lb. This is brisk, rich, true Pekoe Souchong-flavoured tea, perfect in strength, quality, and body, beautifully manipulated, full of flower—a tea to sip, to dwell upon, to turn over on the palate as an alderman does his turtle; suitable for the drawing-room, the boudoir, the cottage, the palace, the toiling millions as well as the upper ten thousand; the former cannot drink a more economical tea, the latter, with all their wealth, cannot buy better tea.

4. The finest Assam Congou, 3s. a lb. This is very strong tea, of Indian growth, draws a deep liquor, is very pungent, a little coarse, but drinks full in the mouth. It is quite a distinct class of tea, rather peculiar, and not appreciated by all; in fact, to like it requires an acquired taste.

5. The finest Oolong, 3s. a lb. This is high burnt, very pungent tea, and is an especial favourite with the tea-drinking public in America, among whom it is more esteemed than in England; in fact, the American drinks hardly any other tea. It draws a pale liquor, and resembles green tea in many respects.

6. The finest Canton scented Pekoe, 3s. a lb. This is a fine, wiry leaf, strongly scented tea, of peculiar quaney and sharpness of flavour, and is frequently used to fetch up the flavour of second-class teas. It is more frequently used as a curiosity, and as an experiment than by the tea-drinking public; it is, in fact, a fancy tea.

7. The finest Foo Chow scented Pekoe, 3s. a lb. This is a small, closely twisted leaf, scented with jessamine flower. When infused, it exhales a rich and fragrant perfume, which is perhaps less grateful to the palate than to the other senses.

8. The finest scented Caper, 3s. a lb. This is a small, shotty leaf, very compact and heavy, drinks very brisk and pungent. It is rather a plebeian tea, but is occasionally tried by diligent seekers after excellence, who at last settle down to the "Princely Kyshow."

No other price for black tea.

LIST OF FINE GREEN TEAS.

9. The finest Moyune Hyson, 4s. a lb. This tea is delicately fine. It flavour resembles that of the cowslip, and the colour of the infusion somewhat resembles cowslip wine. It possesses the finest flavour of all green teas. It is principally consumed in Russia.

10. The finest Young Hyson, 4s. a lb. This is a small, compact leaf, and the really fine (such as Cooper Cooper and Co. sell) is exceedingly strong, and of a very fine almond flavour.

11. The finest Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. a lb. This tea is much esteemed in England. It is brisk, high burnt flavour, shotty in leaf, and heavy; it is not so fine, or so pure in flavour as Hyson, but its great strength renders it a favourite with many.

12. The finest Ping Suey Gunpowder, 4s. a lb. This is very small in the leaf, very handsome and compact, resembles pin heads; but is not so pungent in liquor as Moyune Gunpowder.

13. The finest Imperial, 4s. a lb. This is a large knotty leaf tea, very strong, but not much in favour; but when really fine is sought after by the curious.

No other price for green tea.

There are other classes of tea, but these are the choicest and best. Cooper Cooper and Co. recommend consumers to try the first four on the list, Souchong, Moning, Kyshow, and Assam. By having a small parcel of each of these they will be enabled to judge for themselves and select the flavour suitable to their taste, and then sending for the one approved of by number, they may always rely upon having exactly the same character of tea.

Cooper Cooper and Co. sell any quantity, from a quarter of a pound upwards. They have original packages of all these teas—the black in chests of about ninety pounds; and in half chests, about forty pounds; and catty boxes, holding about twenty pounds each. These are lined with lead, and will keep the tea good and fresh for a very long period. Cooper Cooper and Co.'s prices are for net cash only, without discount.

Cooper Cooper and Co., in offering teas at these prices, must rely for success on a very large amount of public support. They charge only a small commission on the prices actually paid to the importers, and rely on their thorough knowledge of the trade to select such teas only as the public will approve of; and they rely on the appreciation of the public to support their endeavours. Cooper Cooper and Co. will charge threepence a package (of any size) for delivering their teas within five miles of the Royal Exchange, or at any of the railway stations in London, thus putting all on an equality, those who send for their tea and those who require it sent.

As Cooper Cooper and Co.'s prices are net at their warehouses, this system of charging for delivery cannot fail to approve itself to the public. If teas in small parcels can be delivered free at any distance there must be a proportionate profit charged for it, and this is charged on all the tea sold. Cooper Cooper and Co. make one uniform charge for delivery, as the expense to them is the same in delivering a small parcel of tea as a large one.

Cooper Cooper and Co. forward their teas to all parts of the world on receipt of Post-office orders or bankers' drafts for the amount, including threepence for delivery at the railway station; but Cooper Cooper and Co. do not pay railway carriage. As their prices are fully ninepence a pound under the prices usually charged for teas of a lower character, the item of railway carriage cannot be of importance to those living in the country.

Cheques to be crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

TO LADIES.—For Beautifying the Complexion and retaining a youthful appearance to the latest period.—"Franklin's Emolution" renders the skin white, delicate, soft, and fair, also erasing wrinkles. —One trial most convincing.—1lb., 46 stamps:—1lb, 80 stamps. Free to all parts.—Address 17, River-street, Clerkenwell, E.C., London.



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SAUCES, JAMS, AND TABLE DELICACIES,

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PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN.

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TRADE MARK

ALMOND FLAVOUR.

PRESTON'S

ESSENCE OF BITTER ALMONDS,

FREE FROM PRUSSIC ACID.

This delicious Essence is the only kind that may be safely used for flavouring Custards, Blancmanges, &c., and all kinds of Pastry.

Sold Retail by Chemists, Grocers, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s. & 1s. 6d. each. WHOLESALE—

PRESTON and SONS, 88, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.

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PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER—2s. 6d. *Boxes.*

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SOLD BY *Perfumers & Druggists everywhere.*

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First Prize at Paris Exhibition, 1867, out of 27 competitors, making Five Medals awarded for this celebrated Oil. See "Lancet," "Medical Times," Dr. Abbotts Smith, Dr. Hassall, Dr. Cregeen, Dr. W. Bocck, of Christiania, Dr. de Besche, Physician to the King of Sweden, &c., &c. Sold in capsuled bottles, half pints, at 2s. 3d. each.—Circulars and Testimonials of Peter Möller, 22, Mincing Lane, London, E.C., Contractor to the North London Consumption Hospital.

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BRADFORD'S PATENT "VOWEL" WASHING MACHINE received the only medal awarded for Washing Machines at the Paris Exhibition.



The best combined family size machine for washing, wringing, and mangling is "Vowel E," price £3 8s., delivered carriage free; but the most saleable, because coming more within the reach of every one, is "Vowel A," price £3 10s. (as shown in the annexed illustration), upon which can be fixed our Patent "Acorn" India-rubber Wringing Machine, capable of wringing every description of article, from a pocket handkerchief to a large counterpane, as well as shirts and such like, without the slightest injury to buttons, hooks and eyes, &c., and with which any child of twelve years of age can wash and wring a batch of articles equal to ten or twelve shirts, positively without fatigue.

We, without any hesitation and in the fullest confidence, recommend every housekeeper or housewife, who has the requisite conveniences, to avail herself of our terms of trial—"one or two months"—before definite purchase; very many have done so during the last two or three years, and the result has been in the highest degree satisfactory, both to purchasers and ourselves, as will be seen from the numerous unsolicited letters from all parts of the kingdom, and from every class of purchasers, in our illustrated catalogue.

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BALL'S 12 JOHN STREET ADELPHI. 2/6 PER DOZ. IMPERIAL PINTS. HALF CROWN STOUT.

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PUTS OUT FIRES INSTANTLY.

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Has already SAVED 300 BUILDINGS.

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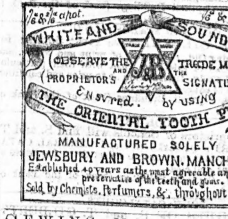
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THE CELEBRATED "No. 2," £10.

DOMESTIC MACHINES, FROM £5 5s.

ALL LOCK-STITCH. WORK ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES. Catalogues sent free.

W. F. Thomas & Co., 1 & 2, Cheapside, and Regent Circus, Oxford Street.

PATENT KID GLOVES.—WHEELER and CO.'s own make, with patent welts, celebrated for half a century for elegance, fit, finish, strength, and durability. The ladies' gloves are delicately perfumed. All colours in stock. Ladies, 4s. 6d.; gentlemen's, 4s. 6d., post free two extra stamps. Ladies' Paris Kid Gloves, 2s. 6d.; with two buttons, 3s.; gentlemen's, 3s. Wedding and family orders receive the most careful and prompt attention.—WHEELER and Co., 210, Regent Street, W.; and 23, Poultry, E.C.

Agents for Felix Sultana's delicious perfume, West End Bouquet, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.

THE HOSPITAL for WOMEN, Soho-square. Under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, H.R.H. the Princess CHRISTIAN, H.R.H. the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE.

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The Hospital for Women was the first established in this or any other country exclusively for the treatment of those maladies which neither rank, wealth, nor character can avert from the female sex.

The COMMITTEE APPEAL most earnestly for DONATIONS to the GENERAL FUND of the Hospital, to enable them to meet some heavy payments due in the course of a few days. The Charity is without any endowment, and therefore entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions.

The Committee would also solicit contributions to the "Building Fund" of the NEW WING, now in course of erection, and which is intended for the reception of patients able to contribute in some degree towards their support while in the Hospital. £5,000 have been expended in the purchase of the freehold from the Crown and in payments to the builders, and a like sum is still required. This addition to the present Hospital will prove a great boon to a very numerous class of sufferers.

The Hospital for Women is practically free, its doors being open to every poor and suffering woman in the land. Since its foundation in 1842, upwards of 35,000 of the sick poor have received medical and surgical relief within its walls.

Donations, either to the General or to the Building Fund, thankfully received by the Bankers, or by the Secretary at the Hospital.—By order of the Committee,

HENRY B. INGRAM, Secretary.

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HOUSEHOLD SOAPS, dry and fit for use. Railway carriage free, and no charge for the case if one cwt. or upwards be taken at one time.

CANDLES and OIL, best quality, at low prices for cash. Railway carriage paid on all goods of £5 value.

Also City Agents for CROSSE and BLACKWELL'S unequalled PICKLES, SAUCES, & PRESERVED FRUITS.

Price lists sent upon application.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1867.

The newest and best Toilet Soap, wears well, gives a rich and fragrant lather, is entirely free from cocoa-nut oil or excess of alkali, and contains half its weight of Price's Distilled Glycerine. Retailed by all Chemists Grocers, &c., in 4d. and 6d. tablets.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited), Belmont Works, Battersea, S.W.

CANDLES.—If you do not want your candles exclusively for show, but with pleasantness of appearance require excellence of burning, buy "PRICE'S GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE," or their "SHERWOOD PALMITINE," or their good old-fashioned "BELMONT SPERM," or "BELMONT WAX," or their "BEST," "No. 2," "No. 3," or "BATTERSEA" COMPOSITE, in preference to the finest, and most transparent Paraffine candles. But if you must have the extreme transparency of pure Paraffine, "PRICE'S PARAFFINE," or their "BELMONTINE" will give it to you in perfection, and at a more moderate price than is usually charged for any other really first-class Paraffine Candles.

The new toilet soap "PRICE'S SOLIDIFIED GLYCERINE," containing half its weight of their concentrated distilled Glycerine, should be in general use in every house before the winter comes on, because of its admirable effect in preventing chapping of the hands and face. In every house there ought also to be one of the sealed bottles of their concentrated distilled Glycerine, known everywhere as "PRICE'S GLYCERINE," and prescribed by the most eminent medical men abroad as well as at home, as the one only Glycerine for medicinal use whether externally or internally.

PRICE'S FANCY SOAPS of the different sorts usually made are excellent, and command a constantly increasing sale. The "Solidified Glycerine" spoken of above is, however, the one fancy soap to use.

"PRICE'S NEW PATENT NIGHT LIGHTS," for burning in the wide glasses, are believed to be the very best Night Lights made. "PRICE'S CHILD'S NIGHT LIGHTS," for burning without glasses, and their different sorts of "CHAMBER CANDLES" are so well known, and so generally used and appreciated as not to need any special notice here.

CANDLES.—A Hint to Purchasers.—Do not make sure that you know what price you are paying per pound for your candles until you have stripped them and put them in the scale. Some candles are right weight without the wrappers, some with moderately thick wrappers, some with very thick wrappers, and some are not nearly right weight with wrappers how-ever thick. PRICE'S "GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE," "SHERWOOD PALMITINE," "BELMONT SPERM," and "BELMONT WAX," "BEST," "No. 2," "No. 3," and "BATTERSEA" COMPOSITES, "PRICE'S PARAFFINE," and "BELMONTINE," and all the other candles of Price's Patent Candle Company, Limited, are full weight without the wrappers.

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This elegant jewel is admired by all, and is filled with the undying essence of a thousand flowers. Price 5s. 6d.; post free; in solid fine gold, Two guineas.

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None are genuine without the Government Stamp, which has been granted to FELIX SULTANA and Co.

BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK.

THE Original Invention is by far the best for marking CRESTS, NAMES, and INITIALS upon Household Linen, Wearing Apparel, &c., securing it from loss or mistake. Price 1s. per bottle. Sold by E. R. Bond, 10, Bishopsgate-street Within, London, E.C., and by all respectable Chemists, Stationers, &c., in the Kingdom.

N.B.—Purchasers should be careful to observe the address, "10, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C." is on the label, without which none are genuine.

THE PRINCIPLE by which a boy lifts a stone by means of a sucker is carried out by G. H. JONES, Working Dentist, in the construction of ARTIFICIAL TEETH. They are guaranteed to be composed of the purest material, combined with the best workmanship, and are not excelled either for natural appearance or durability. Sets from £1 each; gold, £10. No connection with any dentist.—G. H. JONES, 56, Great Russell-street, opposite the British Museum entrance.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

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"FOR MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN BOOTS."

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Has a large assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes in Stock. Specialite Boots made on Dr. Meyer's principle. The Croquet Boot, the Bathing Boot, the Cork Boot. The Louis XV. Boot Heels, so fashionable at present. The Alpine Shooting and Cricket Boots. A Good Assortment of Novel Slippers from Paris.

114 & 116, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD; and 76, OAKLEY-STREET, LAMBETH.

LADIES' VOICES restored and formed in three months, by a distinguished VOCALIST. Terms, three guineas the quarter. French or Italian, one guinea the quarter.—Address, "Contralto," 11, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W.

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Importer of Foreign Wines and Spirits,
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Old from the Wood	18s.	24s.	30s.
Superior ditto	32s.	36s.	42s.
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Pale Dinner Wine	18s.	24s.	30s.
Fine Gold & Pale do., recommended	36s.	42s.	48s.
High Class Sherries of superior delicacy	54s.	58s.	63s.
Port or Sherry drawn from the Wood, 10s. to 20s. per gal.			
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Good, Sound, Light Wine	14s.	18s.	21s.
St. Julien	24s.	28s.	
CHAMPAGNE.	Per Dz.	Per Dz.	Pts.
Fine Sparkling	36s.	42s.	20s. 23s.
Moet's and Chandon's	66s.	72s.	35s. 38s.
Cliequot's		84s.	44s.
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Still	36s.	42s.	48s.
Sparkling	42s.	48s.	60s.
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Still	24s.	36s.	54s.
Sparkling	48s.	60s.	72s.
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Simple Bottles of Wines and Spirits, Ales and Stout, at Wholesale Prices.

Bottles, Jars, Hampers, etc., must be given in exchange, or paid for on delivery. The same amount allowed when they are returned.

POWNCEBY'S BOTTLED COOPER.—Superior to many stouts, free from acidity, avoiding the risk of unsound beer, with which small casks are attended. Imperial pints, 2s. 9d. per dozen.

POWNCEBY'S STOUT for INVALIDS. As analysed by Dr. Hassall, and pronounced "free from acidity, of superior body and flavour, and very nourishing." Imperial pints, 4s. 9d. per dozen.

S. POWNCEBY, 19, Ernest-street, Albany-street, N.W

THE EUROPEAN SEA SALT COMPANY, 183, Strand, W.C., and 52, 53, Crutched-friars, E.C. A sea bath in your own room for one penny. Sold by all chemists, grocers, and oilmen, in bags or boxes—7lbs., 1s.; 14lb., 1s. 10d.; 28lbs., 3s. 6d.; 56lbs., 7s.; 1 cwt., 14s.

The SALE of ELECTRO SILVER PLATE
At a Reduction of One-Third continues at
FIELD'S,
28, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

PRESENTS FOR THE SEASON.

ELECTRO TABLE FORKS & SPOONS, in every pattern, at 19s. 6d. per doz.
ELECTRO SIDE DISHES AND COVERS (making eight dishes), from 90s. per set.
ELECTRO TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES (complete), from 30s. to £4 10s.
ELECTRO CAKE BASKETS, from 12s. 6d.
ELECTRO BISCUIT BOXES, from 15s.
ELECTRO FISH EATERS, from 35s. per doz., in case.
ELECTRO DESSERT KNIVES, from 37s. 6d. per doz., in case.
ELECTRO CRUET STANDS, from 8s. 6d.
ELECTRO EGG FRAMES, EPERGNES, WAITERS, &c., equally moderate in price—quality guaranteed.
FIELD'S, 28, CHEAPSIDE.

TEA.—The HOUSEHOLD TEA COMPANY supply FAMILIES at WHOLESALE PRICES with the best Two Shilling Tea and the Finest Half-Crown that can be procured in London. Orders forwarded on receipt of P.O.O. or Stamps; if for Twenty Pounds of Tea, carriage free.

JAVA SOUCHONG.—The HOUSEHOLD TEA COMPANY warrant their JAVA SOUCHONG to be the Finest Tea ever sold at Per Pound. 2s. 3d.
A Caddy, Two Pounds 5s. 6d.
A Canister, Eight Pounds 19s. 3d.
This Tea is fine enough for the Upper Ten Thousand, and cheap enough for the Million. Tea forwarded on receipt of P.O.O. or stamps.
CLARANCE & Co., TEA MERCHANTS, 153, CANNON STREET, near London Bridge.

Antiseptic Carnation Tooth Paste, in Pots, 1s. 1½d.

THE NEW PERSIAN PERFUME, in Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.
ANIMAL OIL POMADE. in Bottles, 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.
PEPSINE PILLS, in Boxes, 1s. and 2s. 6d.
PODOPHYLLINE; or, VEGETABLE CALOMEL PILLS, in Boxes, 1s. and 2s. 6d.
GRANULAR EFFERVESCING CITRATE of MAGNESIA, in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d. and 5s.
Prepared by W. T. COOPER,
26, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

MR. WARD S.M.D., 188, Oxford-street, respectfully intimates that over twenty years' practical experience enables him to insert ARTIFICIAL TEETH on the most improved and scientific principles, whereby a correct articulation, perfect mastication, and a firm attachment to the mouth is ensured, defying detection, without the use of injurious and unsightly wires. Artificial tooth on vulcanite, 5s.; complete set from £5; plain mineralised silver 7s. 6d.; complete set, £6; platina, 10s. £12. Filling, 5s. Objects re-fitten or allowed for. Practical dentist to the profession many years; testimonials from same undeniable. Consultations free.

DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA changes white hair to a beautiful light brown.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA changes grey or red hair to a natural brown or black in a few days.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA changes the colour of the hair gradually from light to dark by the frequency of its application.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA changes grey hair in the whiskers, beard, and moustache to a lasting brown or black.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA remedies any deficiency in the colour of the hair produced by inferior preparations.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA does not discolour or injure the skin.
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA is applied at his establishment free of extra charge
DOUGLAS'S HAIR TINCTURA sold wholesale and retail at **21 and 22, New Bond Street, London, W.** 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.

MR. FRANCOIS (late Jeans), Surgeon-Dentist, continues to SUPPLY his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanized base, at 5s. a tooth, and £2 10s. a set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self-adhesive.—43, Judd-street, near King's-cross and Euston-square.—Consultations Free.

Entrants in 1867 participate in Fifth Division of Profits. Mutual Assurance without Mutual Liability. Profits applied so as to make Policies payable in Lifetime, and so as to raise Second Class Lives, after a deferred period, to First Class Rates.

British Equitable Assurance Company,
4, Queen Street Place, Southwark Bridge, London, E.C.
CAPITAL FUND, A QUARTER OF A MILLION.
ACCUMULATED FUND EXCEEDS £135,000.
NEW BUSINESS REPORTED IN 1867:
2,845 Policies, Assuring £501,175.

	No.	Amount.
Policies in force	11,637	£1,980,258.

THE LONDON & GENERAL WATER PURIFYING COMPANY (Limited).
PATENT CISTERN FILTER, CHARGED SOLELY WITH ANIMAL CHARCOAL.
THE LATEST PATENTED FILTER IN GENERAL USE,
And requiring, when once fixed, no attention whatever.
For its superiority above all others, *vide Lancet*, January 12th, 1867.


House Cistern fitted with a Cistern Filter.

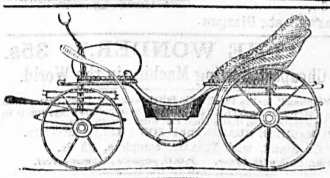
PRICE £1 10s. to £4 10s.
PORTABLE FILTERS ON THIS SYSTEM, £2 to £3.
Patronised and used by Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the *élite* of the Medical Profession, and at the London, Middlesex, St. George's, and German Hospitals, and at the Regent's Park and Tower Barracks, and numerous Institutions, Breweries, &c.
WATER TESTING APPARATUS, 10s. 6d. and 21s. each.
The Filters may be seen in operation, and full particulars obtained, on application to the Secretary at the Offices,
157, STRAND, W.C. (four doors from Somerset House).

TEA CHEAPER THAN EVER.
PHILLIPS & CO.'S TEAS ARE BEST AND CHEAPEST.
STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 4d., per pound.
EXCELLENT BLACK TEA is now only 2s. 6d. per pound.
RICH, RARE, CHOICE COFFEE, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d.
PHILLIPS AND Co. have NO AGENTS for the sale of their unrivalled Teas.
Therefore be particular in addressing to
PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William St., City, London, E.C.
A PRICE-CURRENT FREE. SUGARS AT MARKET PRICES.
PHILLIPS AND Co. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within eight miles o No. 8, King William Street, City; and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices CARRIAGE FREE, TO ANY RAILWAY STATION OR MARKET TOWN IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, OR WALES, if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.
PHILLIPS AND Co. *have no connection with any House in Worcester or Swansea.*

As a convenient Sample of their Tea, PHILLIPS & Co., recommend the following:—
A CHINESE CADDY, containing SIXTEEN POUNDS of excellent FAMILY TEA sent Carriage Free to any Railway Station or Market Town in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales on receipt of 40s., by
PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Tea Merchants,
8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.

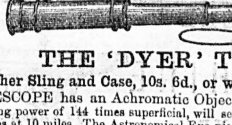


READING'S
INVALID COT CARRIAGES.
The Greatest Ease and Comfort ever introduced for Removing Invalids, being fitted up with the PATENT NOISELESS WHEELS. These Carriages may be engaged, on Moderate Terms, for any journey, on application to
H. & J. READING,
COACH BUILDERS,
14, RIDING-HOUSE-ST., LANGHAM-PLACE.
Also a good assortment of New and Second-hand Broughams and other Carriages for Sale or Hire.



THE
"DENMARK" PHAETON
INVENTED AND BUILT FOR
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
NESS BROTHERS,
3, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Price 22 Guineas.
Carriages and Harness of all kinds, for home and foreign service.
DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

Trade Mark



on each Telescope.

THE 'DYER' TELESCOPE,
With Leather Sling and Case, 10s. 6d., or with Astronomical Eye-piece, 15s. 6d.
THIS TELESCOPE has an Achromatic Object-glass 1·1 inch in diameter. It possesses a magnifying power of 144 times superficial, will see a church clock at 4 miles, and distinguish small windows in houses at 10 miles. The Astronomical Eye-piece and Sun-glass, magnifying 324 times superficial, converts it into an Astronomical Telescope, showing Jupiter, with his Satellites, the Solar Spots, Lunar Mountains, &c. The Lenses of this instrument are first-rate, and are equal in every respect to one of a much higher price.—*Carriage free to any Railway Station in England, on receipt of Post-office Order, payable to* E. G. WOOD, *at the chief office.* ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION POST FREE.
Manufactured only by E. G. WOOD, Optician, &c., 74, Cheapside, London.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

AGUA AMARELLA

Restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age.
MESSRS. JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.
Have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent Chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the Public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., or 15s. each, with brush.

JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.

JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S PATENT TRICHOSARON, or newly-invented HAIR BRUSH, the peculiar mechanical construction of which accomplishes the two operations of cleansing and polishing simultaneously.

THE PATENT MECHANICAL CHAIR, FOR BRUSHING HAIR BY MACHINERY. For Prospectus and Particulars apply to the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,
JOHN GOSNELL & Co.,
Perfumers to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales,
93, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON.

MISS LEONORA GEARY has the honour to inform the nobility and gentry that her JUVENILE and ADULT CLASSES for DANCING, Deportment, and her celebrated Indian Sceptre Exercises are held on separate days. Miss L. G. receives ladies daily for Court presentation lessons, and also ladies and gentlemen for lessons in the new yaise, Sixteen Lancers, and every other fashionable dance. Terms on application to her residence, 14, Grafton-street, New Bond-street, where may be had, post free for 13 stamps, her "Companion to the Ball Room."

47, FLEET STREET.—ST. DUNSTAN'S DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT, near Temple-bar.—H. FIVEASH has now a large supply of remarkably cheap Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings, Calicoes, Towels, Glass Cloths, Counterpanes, &c.; also a new and pretty Robe, at 12s. 9d., with a great variety of new shades, in Winsey and Fancy Dresses.
Superior Black Silks that will not cut in wear.
Another large lot of cheap Cambric Handkerchiefs at 6½d.

TO LADIES.

THE FASHIONABLE PLAIT CHIGNON and FRIZZETTES for forming it with ladies' own hair. Lengths of hair for coiling, and frizzettes for same. Plaits, Long Curls, and every variety of Ornamental Hair always ready for wear, and can be sent by post secure from observation. List of prices free. STACEY AND Co., Hairdressers and Manufacturers, 45, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C. Inventors of the ALEXANDRA CHIGNON HOLDER, for forming the natural Chignon without a comb: post free, 3s. 9d.

THE IMPERIAL SILVER QUARRIES COMPANY (Limited).
(Continued from page 64.)
FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.
To the Directors of the Imperial Silver Quarries Company (Limited).
Gentlemen,—Having paid to your credit with the Imperial Bank (Limited), Lothbury, the sum of £ I hereby request you will allot me shares in the Imperial Silver Quarries Company (Limited) with relative bond in terms of the Prospectus, and I hereby agree to accept such shares, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to sign the Articles of Association of the Company when required.
Name in full.....
Address in full .....
Date .....

MANFIELD'S PATENT PICKLES.—Mixed Pickles, Piccalilli, Onions, Gherkins, Walnuts, &c.
PRIZE MEDAL. PARIS, 1867.
"Atmospheric pressure is the great feature of the Manfield Patent. After preliminary treatment, the pickling vinegar is forced through the tissues and substance of the vegetables at a pressure of 45lb. on the square inch."—*Era.*
"Perfect purity and greater tenderness, and consequent digestibility of the pickles."—*Lancet.*
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers, JOHN BURGESS AND SON, 107, Strand (corner of Savoy-steps) London.

PICTURE FRAMES AND MOULDINGS. Handsome Gilt Frame, Glass, and Back, 2s. 6d.—per dozen, 24s.—for the Coloured Picture given with the *Illustrated London News.* A large assortment of prints and chromo-lithographs, at wholesale prices. The trade and country dealers supplied with every description of Maple and Gilt Mouldings, at the lowest prices, at GEORGE REES'S, 57, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross. Established 1800.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN ARTICLES, &c.

FOULKES' CEMENT will unite any Material, from Glass and Leather to Wood and Iron, and the articles joined bear washing in boiling water. It combines transparency with unequalled strength and freedom from unpleasant odour, admits of great neatness, and is of easy application. A few of the uses to which it may be applied: The repairs of every description of Household Glass and Earthenware, Glass Shades, Chimney Ornaments, pieces of Veneer, the Binding of Books, Chippings of Furniture, Picture Frames, Mounting Prints, Marble and Alabaster Goods, Fossils, Ornaments in Ivory and Bone, Vases and Pendants. Costly wares, Ancient and Modern, that cannot be replaced, may, with this cement, be renewed, however much broken.
Sold in bottles, at 1s. Sold by all respectable Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, and prepared only by the Sole Inventor and Maker,
W. J. FOULKES, Operative Chemist, Birkenhead.

NICE MEDICINES.—See below.

SWEET JUJUBE CAPSULE LE' MAOUT.

LE' MAOUT'S JUJUBE CAPSULES, containing all nauseous drugs; castor oil, Ricord's mixture, turpentine, tar, cod liver oil, ether, rhubarb, &c., &c. The box, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., at the Pharmacie Française, 57, Princes Street, Leicester Square. All French Articles: Chocolat Menier, Eau d'orlate, Eau des Carmes, Raspail Medicines, German Purgative Brandy, Dragées Grimaud, Sirop de Lactuearium, Insecticide Vicat, &c., &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
ADMITTED by the Profession to be the most valuable medicine ever introduced. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the Inventor. Consequently all other compounds under the name of Chlorodyne MUST BE SPURIOUS. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that Chlorodyne was the only medicine of any use in Cholera. COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, &c., ARE IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED.
CAUTION.
The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy o. Chlorodyne render it a subject of most vital importance that the public should obtain the genuine, which is now sold under the protection of the Government of Great Britain, authorising a stamp, bearing the words, Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, without which none is genuine. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all chemists. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.
Morison's Vegetable Universal Medicines.
FORTY YEARS' USE OF THESE MEDICINES (Morison's Pills) by the public has proved their efficacy and virtues, and the truth of Mr. Morison's theory as to the cure of diseases. Being composed only of vegetable matter or medicinal herbs, they are found by experience to be harmless to the most tender age, or the weakest frame, under every stage of human suffering; the most pleasant and benign in their operation ever offered to the world; and at the same time the most certain in searching out the root of any complaint, how ever deep, and of performing a cure, if within the reach human means.
Sold by the Hygeian Agents, and all Medicine Vendors.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; and where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their use.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and giving a healthy, juvenile bloom to the complexion.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

RUPTURES—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the Body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer,
Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.
Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d. An Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d. Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE Post-office, Piccadily.
ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLINGS of the LEGS SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s, to 16s. each. Postage, 6d.
JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

THE IMPERIAL SILVER QUARRIES COMPANY (Limited). Capital, £500,000, in 100,000 fully paid-up shares of £5 each, of which 10,000 are offered for public subscription. £1 on application and £4 on allotment.

DIRECTORS.
The Right Hon. the Earl Poulett, Chairman.
The Right Hon. Viscount Ranelagh.
Sir Robert Charles Dallas, Bart.
The Hon William Powry Law.
Capt. Charles Lousada.
Henry Syme, Esq.
Sir Reginald H. Graham, Bart.
(With power to add to their number.)
MANAGING DIRECTOR AT THE MINES.
Lewis Chalmers, Esq.
BANKERS.
The Imperial Bank (Limited), Lothbury, E.C.
SOLICITOR.
P. Grosvenor Grenville, Esq., 30, St. Swithin's Lane.
BROKERS.
Messrs. Frisby Brothers, 16a, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C.
SECRETARY.
John Chalmers, Esq.
OFFICES.
14 and 113, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of working a belt or parallel series of Twenty-seven Silver Mines or Quarries, hitherto known as the Michigan Tunnel and Mining Company, situated at Mount Bullion, Silver Mountain, Monitor District, California, 30 miles south of Virginia City, Nevada, 110 miles by road from Sacramento, 235 miles from San Francisco, about six miles from the boundary line of Nevada State, and on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Parties subscribing will not only receive fully paid-up shares equivalent to their subscription, but are also preferably secured by separate debenture bonds of equal amount, bearing 10 per cent. interest per annum, ranking as a first charge on the mines, plant, and crushing mill, and whole property of the Company, and redeemable out of the first profits at the rate of £20,000 every six months.

To other words, the fully paid-up shares offered to the public are accompanied by a bond for the amount paid, reimbursing the subscriber to the working capital the full sum of his subscription out of the first earnings of the company, before any general dividend is made; thus, after payment of the bond, the subscriber will continue to hold his fully paid-up share, which entitles him to the permanent equivalent interest in all future profits or dividends, without its having cost him a shilling, his bond being a lien or first mortgage, as it were, upon the entire property of the company, until the same is paid with £10 per cent. interest per annum.

The Shares require to be paid up in full (£5), and there is no liability attached to the holder of them.

A Reserve Fund of paid-up Shares has been established to provide additional Machinery as required yearly to increase the Returns.

The Property consists of Twenty-seven well ascertained and prominent Silver lodes, and the Company own 1,000 linear feet upon each lode, with 100ft. on each side thereof, embracing all spurs, dips, and angles, thus giving ample working room. The Lodes vary in width from 8ft. to 30ft. at surface, and some of them outcrop as high as 25ft. above ground.

Several of these Silver Mines contain, according to analysis taken in San Francisco and in London, a very large percentage of Gold, sufficient in itself to render the working extremely lucrative.

Specimens from the "Florence" Lode have assayed in addition to 2,962 ounces of Silver as much as 129 ounces of Gold to the ton.

A tunnel is being driven from a point on Carson River, in an easterly direction, to the centre of Mount America, which will cut these lodes, all running parallel to each other, from north to south, at a depth of from 150 to 2,000 feet below the outcrop, thus developing each mine into a separate Silver Mine, any one of them capable of supplying more than 200 tons of rich ore daily.

The tunnel is now in about 270 feet, with a double track, and within 50 feet of the first Silver Mine, known as the "Fashion" Lode.

There is an ample supply of labour.

Wood is abundant and cheap.

Water is also close at hand, and can be had free of cost.

The locality of these Silver Mines, in connection with San Francisco, is also very favourable. The Pacific Railway is open to within 50 miles. The roads, meantime, to all parts are excellent, the main road to San Francisco passing close to the mouth of the Company's tunnel.

An approximate idea of the profits of the Company may be arrived at from the following estimate, wherein, while the returns have been purposely kept at a minimum, the expenditure has been considerably overstated:—

ESTIMATE.

Fifty tons of ore per day will yield from £25 to £60 per ton, or about 100 to 240 ounces of Silver to the English ton. Taking the lowest estimate, viz., £25 per ton—	
Fifty tons of ore per day at £25 per ton	£1,250
240 days per year at £1,250 per day	£300,000
Allowing a large margin for expenses, quicksilver, wages, fuel, opening tunnel, and contingencies	40,000
Leaving a net profit for the first year	£260,000

This property would thus pay rather more than 50 per cent. per annum on the share capital for the first year.

The annual returns may accordingly be measured by the extent of machinery which the proprietors may feel disposed to add each year.

The average profits of Silver Mines, with proper machinery and capital, in California and Nevada are authoritatively computed to have exceeded 200 per cent. annually in dividends paid to shareholders. Upon some Silver Mines in the same mountain range, within 30 miles, the dividends paid have ranged, according to official returns, from 260 to 1,500 per cent. quarterly.

It may be said that not a single Company who have had sufficient capital to purchase the requisite machinery for crushing, has ever failed to be immensely rewarded. And, it is confidently asserted that, independently of any ores quarried by the Imperial Silver Quarries Company, their machinery alone would pay its cost three times over in one year, by reducing the ores of the numerous neighbouring mines not possessing the same advantage, at the ordinary rate per ton.

A plant of first-class English-made Machinery, of the weight of 140 tons, which (with the addition of certain other minor portions to be readily procured at San Francisco), forms a complete 50-stamp mill for reduction and amalgamation works, purchased in this country by the Imperial Silver Quarries Company (Limited), has arrived at San Francisco.

The directors congratulate the shareholders upon having secured the services of a gentleman eminently qualified as managing director and mining superintendent. Mr. Lewis Chalmers, M.A., a Justice of Peace for the County of Aberdeen, and recently Acting Chief Magistrate of Fraserburgh, in Scotland, has presented to the Board testimonials of the most favourable character from Lord Saltoun, Sir James Dalrymple, late M.P. for Portsmouth, William Leslie, Esq., late M.P. for Aberdeenshire, Sir Alexander Anderson, Lord Provost of Aberdeen, William Cosmo Gordon, Esq., of Fyvie, and other gentlemen of high social and commercial standing in the United Kingdom. Mr. Chalmers is a practical assayer, holding a certificate to that effect from Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, and Co., assayers and melters to the Bank of England.

A Detailed Prospectus containing very Complete Information, and a Map of the Property, can be obtained at the Company's Offices, or upon application to the Brokers.

Applications for Shares to be made on the accompanying form, and forwarded to the Company's Brokers or Bankers, or to the Directors at the Company's offices. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, forms will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

The Directors will at once return in full the deposit on any shares applied for, but not allotted.

114 and 113, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad St., London.

No.

This Form must be delivered entire to the Bankers of the Company, who will tear off and retain the Form of Application for Shares.

(*Continued on page 63.*)

New York, 1865-1867. *Paris*, 1867.

TWO MORE GOLD MEDALS!!!

AWARDED THE

FLORENCE,



Gold Medal. *Silver Medal.*

At the two Great Exhibitions of America, 1867, since the Paris Exposition, where it received the Highest Premium for a Family Sewing Machine. This in the country where Sewing Machines were invented; where more are sold than in all the world beside; these honours in its own country with others hitherto awarded, at home and abroad, prove beyond cavil that it is what we claim it to be,

THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelery, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

Buy a "Florence" for your friend, your sister, or wife,
It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.
Agents: MAY and SHAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTY, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

WILLCOX & GIBBS
SEWING MACHINES.

Easiest to Learn.
Easiest to Work.
Easiest to Change.
Easiest to Keep in Order.

Simplest, Best Made, Noiseless.
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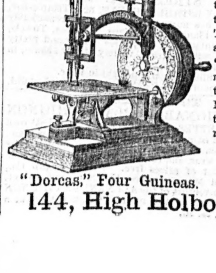
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